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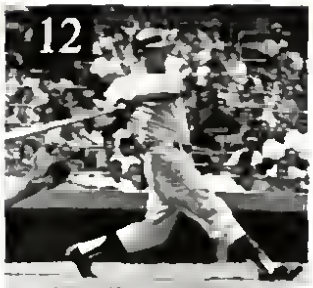
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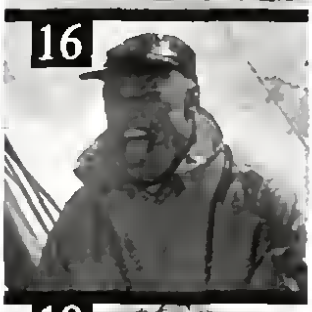
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Next week

A WEALTHY REBEL with a cause, Alfred G. Vanderbilt assails horse racing's Establishment, warning of the many dangers that accompany overcommercialization of the sport.

OWENS VALLEY in California is a beautiful playground spread below 9,000-foot peaks. Its unique quality has been preserved for a simple reason. Los Angeles needs its water.

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SCORECARD

SCAPEGOAT HUNT

Thorough soul-searching has gone on among the American track and field fancy since our U.S. team, instead of trouncing the Russians, squeaked through to an embarrassingly meager win in the men's division while the women suffered an embarrassingly one-sided defeat. But perhaps not quite thorough enough.

The men's team horsed around too much with the women's team, it was suggested—and denied. Our guys are too highly strung. Our team was too young and inexperienced. We did not have enough pre-meet competition, whereas the Russians had plenty. And so on.

All of this is simply an extension of another game the U.S. plays too often and too well: pin the tail on the scapegoat. The fact is that those Russians just may be awfully good—and better we face the possibility now than be surprised at Tokyo in '64.

1¾ LENGTHS FROM GLORY

The worries that go with owning a good Thoroughbred, instead of just an ordinary animal, were described here recently (SI, July 22) by Ernest Havemann, writer, horseplayer and now horse owner. The horse, a filly named Nubile, lost to the great Cicada by a mere neck some time back and Havemann knew he was in trouble. He would have to decide whether to invest $1,500 to keep Nubile in the $172,812.50 Delaware Handicap, world's richest race for fillies and mares.

Nubile did run, as all his friends knew she would, and Havemann was as nervous and worried as he expected to be. Trying to relight a cigar, he flipped it into a glass of Scotch. When Nubile's jockey did not appear in his scheduled fourth race Havemann looked as if he might flip in with the cigar. It turned out all right. The jockey had scratched himself to keep fit for Nubile in the seventh.

Havemann watched the race with Trainer Reinier Vandernat sitting in front of him. This was a good idea because when Havemann sits in front, Vandernat pounds him black and blue.

Nubile ran fourth. Havemann, coatless, with hands on hips and binoculars dangling, stared straight ahead, a trace of a smile on his lips. "I'll be darned," he said, then shrugged, smiled more broadly, mopped his brow. The winner, Waltz Song, had been a rank outsider who paid $148.60, and had been beaten by Nubile several times.

"Imagine," Havemann said, "one and three-quarters lengths from glory." And, he might have added, a $122,062 purse—Nubile, by her fourth-place finish, at least paid the bills (she got $7,250).

"Well," Havemann sighed, "we beat our landlady. She owns Patrol Woman."

BACK TO THE SCHOONERS

There are sailors who scorn the sleek racing machines that compete for the America's Cup and hold that no boat equals the old fishing schooners of Gloucester and Nova Scotia. For decades before the diesel engine, these beamy, gaff-rigged vessels brought cargoes of fish home from the Grand Banks, and, since the first boat home got the best price for the freshest haul, staged informal races on the beat to port. In 1920, to show brass-buttoned yachtsmen what real sailors could do, Halifax put up an International Fishermen's Trophy. Gloucester won it and a chagrined Halifax promptly built a new schooner to recapture the prize. Christened *Bluenose*, she was to become a national symbol. From 1921 to 1938, under Captain Angus Walters, she won four championships, lost only a handful of all her races here and abroad.

When *Bluenose* foundered on a Haitian reef in 1946 big schooners were a dying breed. But *Bluenose* never was forgotten (her replica is on every Canadian dime), and in 1960 Captain Walters headed a committee to build a new *Bluenose*. Last week from the same Lunenburg yard that produced her legendary namesake, *Bluenose II* was launched with dimes from schoolchildren and dollars from a Halifax brewery.

Not just *Bluenose*, but schooner racing itself seems to be coming back. The two-year-old Nova Scotia Schooner Association competes in annual championship races and encourages the salvaging of derelicts and the building of new boats.

The Nova Scotia schooner fleet now numbers 42 but their holds are more fashionable than fishy. The tough old Grand Banker is easier to handle and just as fast as the J boat or the 12-meter —and has space below for bedrooms, a ballroom and a bowling alley. There are some pleasure schooners around New England, too, and one can hope that a challenge may revive racing competition akin to the thrilling battles once waged between *Bluenose I* and Gloucester's *Gertrude L. Thebaud.*

IT ISN'T THE HUMIDITY

The sports of summer invariably are spiced with oddities that could never occur in a less torrid season. The sun's actinic rays, beating down on unaccustomed skulls, seem to produce an effect very like punchdrunk. Some samples:

In Norway, Thorbjoern Pedersen, 23, certainly was affected by something. He claimed a new world record and he can have it. Using his head, Thorbjoern bounced a soccer ball 13,270 times off his noggin before the ball touched ground. Could have done more, he said, but mosquitoes drove him crazy. We rather think it was not the mosquitoes but Norway's perpetual summer sun.



At the annual watermelon festival in Raleigh, N.C., Wally Ausley, weighing in at 200 pounds, spat a watermelon seed 35 feet 6 inches, demoralizing the defending champion, John Alexander, whose best effort measured only 29 feet. In next year's competition Ausley will be top-seeded.

This final one we cannot blame on the sun, since it is winter in Brisbane. From there Tom Morris is skipping rope to Cairns, Queensland, a distance of 1,300 miles. He is, in fact, going out of his way to pick up old-age pension

checks forwarded to post offices along his route. Tom says he is 60-odd. We think he is odder than that.

THE VACANT CHAIR

Now that Bo Belinsky has left the major leagues to pitch in Hawaii—if Hawaii will let him—those fans who believe that a certain impudence in a pitcher adds zip to his fast ball and verve to his curve feel an emptiness in their hearts. Be of good cheer. There is one coming up who might make Dizzy Dean look modest.

We note with pleasure and anticipation the success of Jim Baten, a 20-year-old right-hander who is owned by the San Francisco Giants and performs for Lexington, N.C. in the Western Carolinas League. Pitcher Baten this spring struck out 21 batters in a 12-inning game and has been averaging 1½ strikeouts per inning. Says Baten: "When I hear a guy is a fast ball hitter I throw him my fast ball. They never hit it."

A COOL GHOUL

Famed for its association with Jim Thorpe, who became a legend of sport at Carlisle Indian School, the town of Carlisle, Pa. is also the burial place of Molly Pitcher, heroine of the Battle of Monmouth (New Jersey) back in 1778. An organization calling itself The Friendly Sons of Molly Pitcher feels that Molly should be buried in New Jersey. The Sons are, of course, residents of that state.

"Molly married the Carlisle barber, which is why she is buried there," according to Joseph Graham, Beloved Founder of the Friendly Sons, which he organized so that "the commuters on the 7:57 out of Red Bank [New Jersey] could get to know each other better."

Carlisle wants to keep Molly where she is. "They consider her a tourist attraction," says Graham, snorting.

Graham tendered Carlisle a swap: Jim Thorpe's Olympic medals for Molly's remains. The fact that he did not have Jim's medals was no deterrent to a man like Graham. He wrote to King Gustave VI of Sweden, where, in the Olympics of 1912, Thorpe won gold medals in the decathlon and pentathlon, and explained the proposed deal. The king, a sympathetic man, but shrewd as well, turned the problem over to the Swedish Olympic Committee. The committee replied that after Thorpe's disqualification for professionalism he was required to surrender his medals to second-place finishers. It just so happened, though, that the committee had cast bronze replicas of the medals to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Games and, the secretary wrote, it was his pleasure to send one of these memorial plaques to The Friendly Sons of Molly Pitcher.

Would Carlisle swap plaque for cadaver? "No," Carlisle replied gravely, and posted a 24-hour guard around Molly's resting place to fend off a possible raid by the friendly ghouls, who have given more than a hint of their intent by adopting a shovel as their emblem.

Brandishing his shovel at the Sons' annual golf dinner, Graham pledged action. Meanwhile the plaque has been turned over to Jim Thorpe's daughter, who is just delighted to have it.

DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

What does the world outside the U.S. think of Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston? Judging by foreign press reports, the image is—as they say on Madison Avenue—confused.

France-Soir stressed Liston's criminal past. Its headline: L'EX-GANGSTER SONNY LISTON A ENCORE MIS FLOYD PATTERSON K.O. AU IER ROUND. "The heart has its reasons," the account of the fight began, a lead that no American sports reporter could write. All America went to bed disappointed that Liston had won, *France-Soir* said, because no one likes "*les mauvais garçons*."

The British press, on the other hand, all but ignored Liston's background, except in the case of the London *Daily Telegraph*, which urged fair play for the champion. "He might not be the most likable of world heavyweight champions," the *Telegraph* conceded, "but there have been, and still are, many people in boxing less deserving of sympathy and support."

Liston was hailed as a "savior" in Tokyo. *Sankei Sports* argued that boxing had declined since Joe Louis retired because he was followed by champions who were too "normal." Now Liston, with his "abnormal" background and criminal record, heralds "the dawn of another golden era in professional boxing," *Sankei Sports* proclaimed, because he will satisfy the fight fan's "taste for the abnormal, savage and brutal."

The Italian press reported the fight in straight news fashion but reserved editorial comment for Cassius Clay, whom it remembered as the Olympic gold medal winner of 1960 at Rome and who, it presumed, would be Liston's next oppo-

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nent. Cool, lofty *Il Messaggero* prayed: "May Patterson's terrible defeat serve as a warning to blustering Clay." The Communist organ *L'Unità* was kinder to Clay, declaring that "Big Mouth Cassius" is but the tool of the financiers who own him and "must respect the wishes of his masters," who dictate his boasting. He is, in fact, an "intelligent, serious boy," said *L'Unità*.

The Soviet press did not mention the fight at all.

JIM'S SUNNY DAY

When James E. Fitzsimmons retired as Wheatley Stable's trainer in June, he was gone, it seemed, for about five minutes. Last week he was back at the track, celebrating his 89th birthday at Monmouth Park, N.J., surrounded by most of the adult members of the large (70-odd) Fitzsimmons clan. They were all guests of Amory Haskell, Monmouth president, who twice led the singing of *Happy Birthday*, once at a private luncheon for 120 assorted family members and friends, and later for the 19,254 track customers, who stood up to cheer. Sunny Jim had a marvelous time. "I feel good, and the gang is having a good time," he said of himself and family. During the morning he chatted with Monmouth jockeys about his 77 years in racing and held a television interview. He lunched, heartily, on salmon salad and cake. The cake, a lavishly decorated masterpiece shaped like an open book, weighed a hefty 89 pounds, one for each Fitzsimmons year. Later he presented a silver plate to the winner of the race named in his honor: erstwhile rival trainer Jimmy Jones of Calumet Farms. Although he seldom bets, Sunny Jim took a $2 ticket on a 3-year-old named Rajam, owned by Mrs. Edith W. Bancroft, daughter of the late William Woodward, for whose Belair Stud stable he had trained such champions as Nashua. "Just a sentimental bet," Mr. Fitz protested. Sentimental? Rajam paid $5.

THEY SAID IT

• San Diego Charger Coach Sid Gillman, on one of his rookies: "He doesn't know the meaning of the word 'fear.' Of course, there are lots of other words he doesn't know either."

• Pirate Manager Danny Murtaugh, asked where he thinks the Pirates will finish this year: "In Los Angeles or San Francisco, I forget which." **END**

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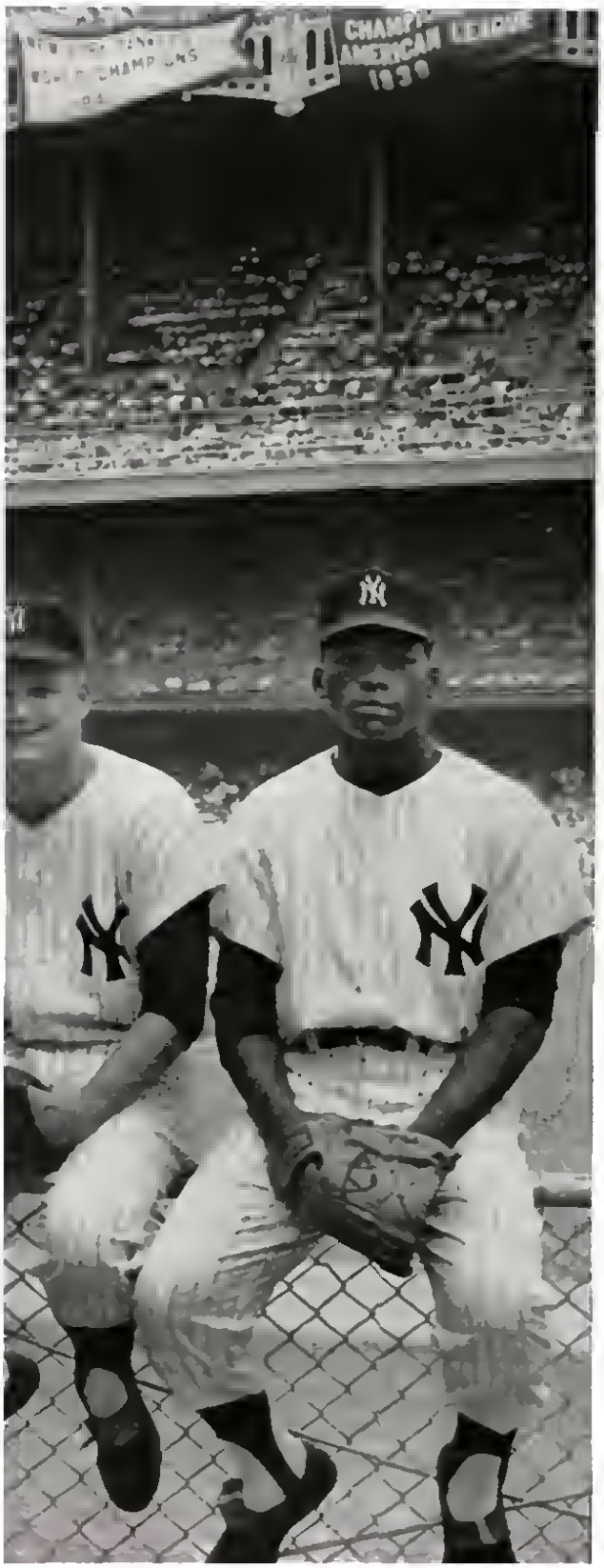


SECRET WEAPONS SAVE



Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 5, 1963

THE YANKS



While Mr. Mantle and his famous teammates were nursing celebrated wounds, a group of unknown players in pinstripes virtually ended *the 1963 pennant race* by ROBERT CREAMER

What are you going to do about those Yankees? On June 6 they seemed to be in serious trouble. Mickey Mantle had run into the center field fence the night before, breaking his foot. Bill Stafford and Stan Williams, two of the starting pitchers, were dismal flops. Luis Arroyo, the pennant-saving relief pitcher of 1961, had a sore arm and was useless. Tony Kubek was out of the lineup with an injured leg. Baltimore had wrested first place away from New York and, with Mantle out, the Orioles were in perfect position to fulfill that American League dream: winning the pennant from the Yankees. And if Baltimore could not do it, maybe Chicago could, or the powerful Minnesota Twins, who were just beginning to wake up and play ball, or the surprising Boston Red Sox.

Now, almost two months later, Mantle is still out of action, Arroyo is gone, Stafford and Williams have yet to reestablish themselves as pitchers, Roger Maris has been only a part-time star, but the Yankees have opened up one of the biggest midseason leads in the history of the game. Baltimore and Chicago and Minnesota and Boston have played very well, really, and are wrapped up in a tightly competitive knot—several thousand miles behind. The Yankees stand alone, a band of heroes whose names someday will ring down the corridors of glory along with Ruth and Gehrig and DiMaggio.

What names? What names, indeed! Is it possible that you have never heard of Linz and Bright and Blanchard and Bouton and Downing and Hamilton and Reniff and Lopez?

True, the names are not Babe Linz or Larruping Lou Bright or Jolting Joe Blanchard, but these men and their companions in anonymity are the *continued*

Reminders of the Yankees' winning tradition at their backs, seven heroes of the Yankee bench*—(from left) *Phil Linz, Steve Hamilton, Harry Bright, Hal Reniff, Hector Lopez, Jim Bouton and Al Downing—enjoy their brief moment in the spotlight.

Photographs by Herb Scharfman

players who are winning the pennant for New York, the ones who are tipping the balance. A few familiar names have earned headlines—Whitey Ford is having a normal, sensational year—but essentially the difference between the Yankees and the rest of the league has been the reserves. Who in the world are they? Where did they come from?

Well, Steve Hamilton came from the Washington Senators. He had a 3–8 record last year, and when the Yankees sent Jim Coates to the Senators for Hamilton it seemed like another of baseball's classic nothing-for-nothing trades. But Hamilton, a 6-foot-7-inch stringbean (The Skinny Monster, he is called by Stan Williams) who once played pro basketball for the Minneapolis Lakers, has turned into the best left-handed relief pitcher in the league. They say that ballplayers change when they put on a Yankee uniform, but Ralph Houk, the Yankee manager, said the other day, "We knew he could get left-handers out as well as anybody in the league. He did it to us last year. But we got a bonus in Hamilton—he's smart and he works hard and he's learned to get the right-handers out, too."

Hamilton is intelligent—he holds a master's degree in education from Morehead State in Kentucky—and he has both competitive guts and an awareness of the excitement that baseball can provide. Recently he was called into a game in the eighth inning with the bases loaded and no one out. He struck out three straight batters and walked off the field to tumultuous applause. Later he said, "My knees started to rattle when I walked back to the dugout. It wasn't a really tense situation—we had a 7–0 lead—but it feels pretty good to strike out the side with the bases loaded." He was complimented for acknowledging the applause of the crowd by tipping his cap. "If it had happened in the ninth inning instead of the eighth," he said, grinning, "I'd have taken the cap off and waved it." Shades of the nonchalant Yankees of yesteryear!



Substituting in right field for ailing Maris, John Blanchard hit six home runs to help win three games.

Harry Bright is one of those camouflaged players. He has been in professional ball since 1946 and he has been in the majors since 1958, with one side trip back to the minors, but no one knows what he looks like. Harry played for Fond du Lac, Twin Falls, Independence, Houma, Miami, Sioux Falls, Clovis, Topeka, Janesville, Memphis, Buffalo, Little Rock, Sacramento, Pittsburgh, Salt Lake City, Washington and Cincinnati before joining New York. He has caught, played all four infield positions and the outfield, and one year he even pitched a little. With the Yankees he has hit often and with power. He was platooned with Joe Pepitone, the All-Star first baseman, when Joe ran into a bit of trouble hitting left-handers. Later, when injuries to Tony Kubek and Phil Linz made it necessary for Cletis Boyer to move from third base to shortstop, Harry filled in at third.

How did the Yankees know that Bright would turn out to be such a useful ballplayer? "We wanted a right-handed hitter," said Houk. "Bright's record shows that he's always been a good hitter. He hit 17 home runs last year for Washington. We wanted someone who could play first base, if we needed him to. Harry played a lot of games at first last year. He was available, and we got him."

John Blanchard didn't come from anyplace. At 30, he is a veteran of 13 seasons as Yankee property, the first eight of which were spent in the minors or in military service. Blanchard was an outfielder at the start of his career, but the Yankees converted him into a catcher. With Yogi Berra and Elston Howard around, this tended to slow his rise to the majors, and he did not make it to New York until 1959. Even then he played sparingly until Ralph Houk succeeded Casey Stengel as manager. Under Houk, Blanchard got to play more, and he hit 34 home runs in two seasons. But this year he had played rarely and was hitting poorly (.135) until he took over in right field early in July after Roger Maris was injured. Then, in the space of three weeks, he hit six home runs, drove in 16 runs and batted .346. His hot streak ended abruptly one morning last week when he phoned Tony Kubek, who lives close by, and said, "I think I'm sick. Would you drive me to the hospital?" The self-diagnosis was correct: he had acute bronchitis, bordering on bronchial pneumonia, and was immediately hospitalized. But by this time Maris, known around the Yankee clubhouse as "Blanchard's replacement," was ready to play again.

Hector Lopez is another supernumerary who has been carrying a Yankee spear for a long time. Hector comes from Panama and first played organized baseball in Canada (he had been playing for a beer company team in

Panama City when a friend named Picou told him he could get him a job in the Provincial League in Quebec). The Athletics spotted him there, and a few years later he became one of the many players who traveled the Kansas City-Yankee shuttle. He had been an infielder with Kansas City but not a terribly good one, and after a shot at third base with New York he was switched to the outfield. He made some bad plays there, too, and earned a reputation as a butcher, but he has since developed into a steady, if unspectacular, outfielder. He is a strong right-handed hitter with a particular knack for hitting to right field, a technique he learned when he played for the beer company, where the prevailing wind was toward right. Like so many players on the Yankee bench, Lopez would be a regular with most teams, but he is content to stay where he is, picking up a delicious World Series check every autumn.

Jim Bouton, Al Downing and Hal Reniff are pitchers out of the Yankee farm system. Bouton is a college man (Western Michigan) who enjoys art, designs jewelry and paints in his spare time. His effete tastes stop there. Teammates call him The Bulldog because he has a squeezed-together face, like Herbert Hoover, and because of his toughness and tenacity on the mound. Last year, as a rookie, Bouton's record was mediocre, but this season he was the Yankees' best relief pitcher until the failure of Williams and Stafford forced Houk to use him as a starter. He was an instant success, but on June 6, the night after Mantle was hurt, Bouton was hit full in the face by a line drive and was led off the field, dripping blood. A similar, though more serious, accident had destroyed Herb Score's career, and many wondered how long Bouton would be out of action and whether he would be gun-shy when he returned. The Bulldog was back almost immediately and has now won 13 games.

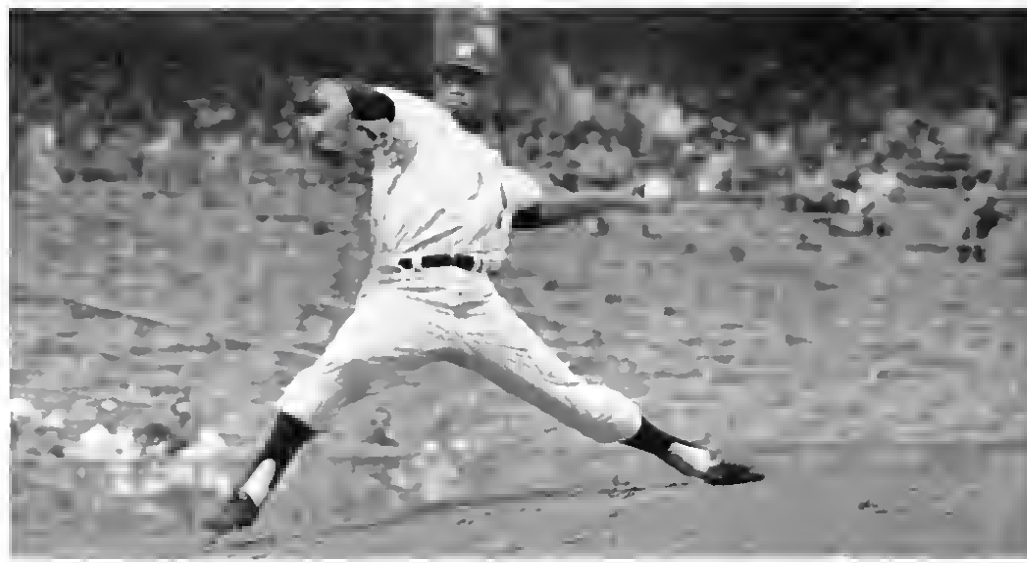
The same day that Bouton was hurt the Yankees sent Luis Arroyo to the minors and brought up Downing, a comparatively tiny left-hander who looks about 12 years old. Downing had a small try with the Yankees a season or two back without signal success, but Yogi Berra (who has turned out to be a superb fill-in himself this year, after being semiretired to the venerable position of player-coach) gave the world notice that Downing would be back, and Berra spoke with a catcher's wisdom.

Downing has turned out to be startlingly good. He throws so hard that he strikes out opponents at the rate of almost 11 per game. He gives up very few hits and twice has had a no-hitter as late as the seventh inning. Sportswriters make notes on all his pitches when he starts a game because they think he is the type who might pop up with a perfect game. Downing is from Trenton, N.J., and in high school was president of his class for three years in a row.

Reniff (his name sounds like something spelled backwards) is a blond butterball who came up to the Yankees in the middle of the 1961 season and pitched very effectively in relief. Then he went into service for six months, came out in perfect physical condition, lean and hard, and promptly hurt his arm. He pitched only 10 innings all last year. This season, round and fully packed again, he is back in the groove. When Bouton became a starter, the right-handed Reniff became the No. 1 relief man.

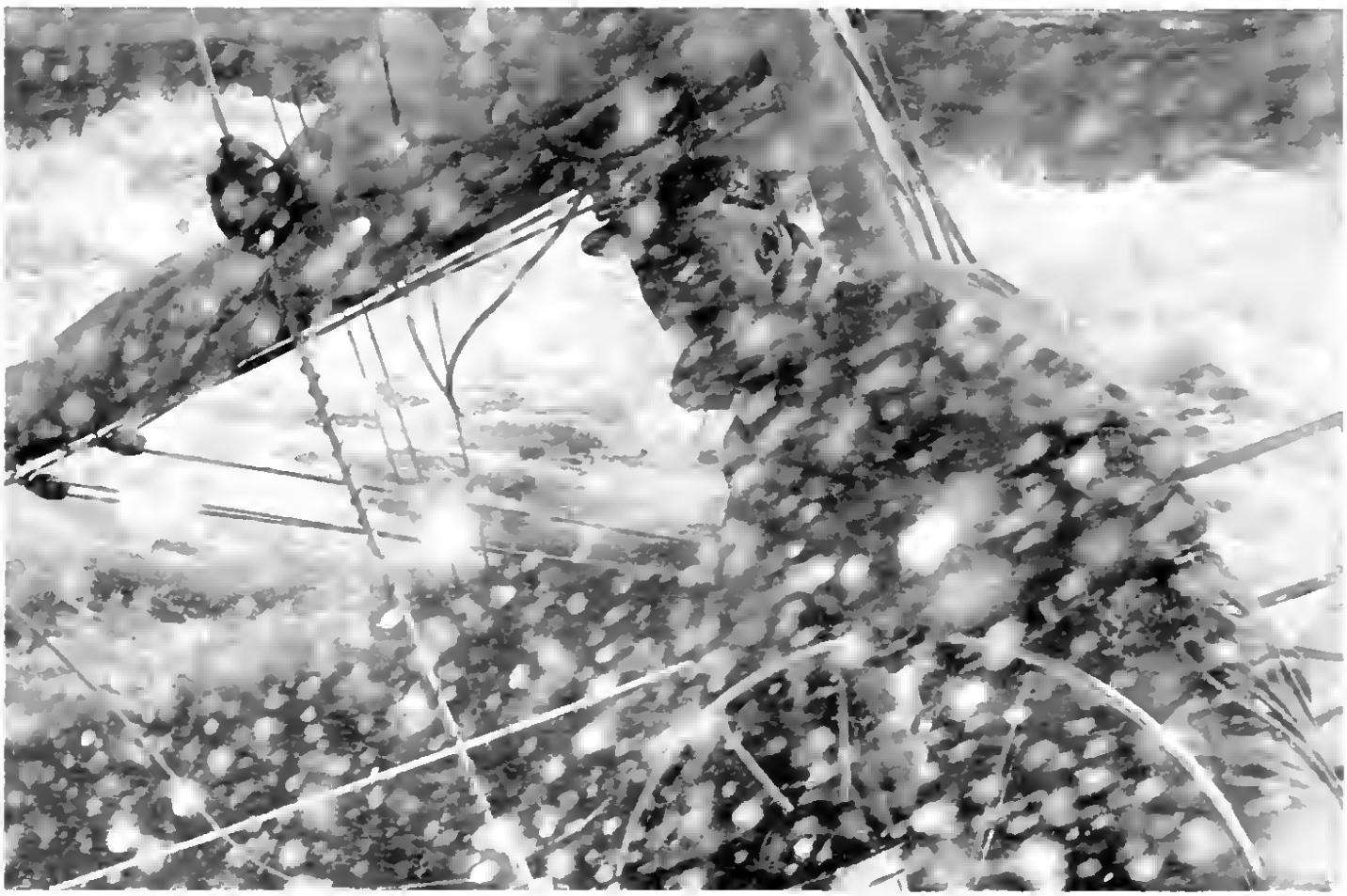
Phil Linz is tall and thin and wears glasses and has a self-deprecatory sense of humor. He is the sort of major leaguer you feel you could have been just as good as if only you had kept in shape. But Linz is deceptive. He won the batting championship of the Carolina League in 1960 and the batting championship of the Texas League in 1961, and in two seasons as a reserve with the Yankees he is batting .285. He is extremely versatile, both on the field and in conversation. He filled in at right field when both Maris and Tresh were out with injuries ("Babe Ruth, Al Kaline and me," he said. "All right fielders, all from Baltimore"). He filled in at second base when Bobby Richardson was ill with German measles ("Are you afraid of catching them?" he was asked. "I don't catch them," said Linz. "I'm German. I give them"). He filled in at shortstop when Tony Kubek was injured ("I am a regular irregular," Linz said).

Regular irregulars, spear carriers, bench—call them what you will. But the Yankees nobody knows have moved their illustrious team out of reach of the rest of the league. One New York sportswriter wrote last week that perhaps it was time to cover Yankee games as a critic might, looking upon them as presentations of the performing arts instead of as contests. He was joking, of course, but no one heard the rest of the American League laugh. END

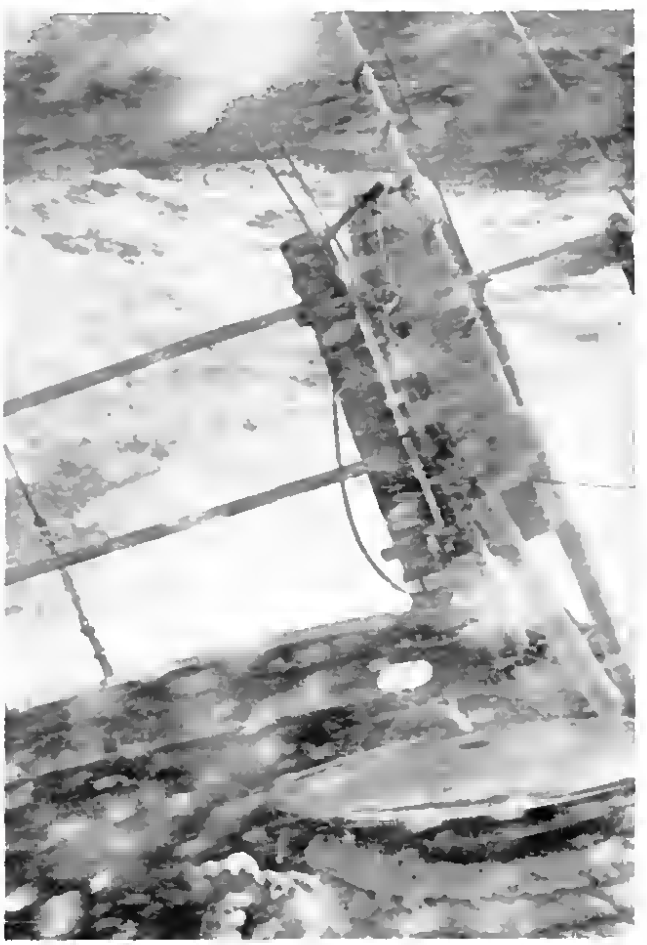


Left-hander Al Downing is one of several youngsters who came through as big-name pitchers flopped.









ROUGH RIDE ON A SEA OF TROUBLES

A crewman on the Transatlantic Race winner tells how a driving skipper challenged the gales to carry 'Ondine' to triumph **by NORRIS HOYT**

The script for this year's Transatlantic Race across 3,000-odd miles of ocean from Newport, R.I. to England's Eddystone Light might have been written just for melodramatic Huey Long and his lovely aluminum yawl, *Ondine*. As the curtain rose, *Ondine* was drifting through a windless gloom off Brenton Rock, trapped in a fog of frustration. The second act produced two violent storms and near-disaster. But the final curtain found *Ondine* third across the finish line, a triumphant overall victor. It was a plot corny enough to satisfy even the histrionic demands of the principal actor.

Long, a kind of one-man Shakespearean repertory company, was seized by fate right at the start. While three boats —Sally Ames Langmuir's *Bolero*, the Italian *Corsaro II* and Clayton Ewing's *Dyna*—had the mother wit or good fortune to head northward and find better weather, *Ondine* and the remainder of the fleet of 14 boats sagged slowly through haze and headwinds for five days, falling hopelessly behind as the leaders opened a gap of 60 to 70 miles

"There goes the ball game," Huey complained to the members of his crew. "We'll never lick the handicap." But as the breeze rose to sting the helmsman's eyes with spray, Huey-Hamlet's black mood changed and so did his complaints against the sea of troubles. Now Huey-Macbeth flung a challenge in the teeth of the wind. "Lay on, Macduff!"

We laid on. *Ondine*, her rig shortened by seven feet,

continued on page 46

Roaring down from a crest, Co-navigator James Ivins licks off the salt from one wave (top left), *only to be swiped again by another.*



Drawings by Nicholas Solovioff

A TRIAL THAT HAS THE SOUTH SEETHING

Published charges of a college football fix will be challenged in court next week when ex-Georgia Coach Wally Butts (above) confronts accuser George Burnett (opposite) in a case nearly as divisive as the 1925 monkey trial

by DAN JENKINS

Not since the steaming summer of 1925, when two irascible orators, Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan, voluntarily argued the theory of man's ascent from the ape on the courthouse lawn at Dayton, Tenn., has the South been as emotionally aroused over a trial as it is by the one that is scheduled to begin in Atlanta next Monday. This time the issue is not as academic as evolution, although it will deal with another kind of monkey business. Did Wally Butts or didn't he? The question has hung heavily over the conscience of college football for 4½ months, or since *The Saturday Evening Post* charged that Butts, ex-coach and athletic director of the University of Georgia, furnished game secrets to the University of Alabama before the 1962 meeting of the teams, which Alabama won 35–0. For Wally Butts, once so firmly seated in the front row of the coaching profession, for Alabama Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant, who occupies an even more exalted chair today, and indeed for college football itself, there have been few more serious interludes. The weeks have been filled with rumors, counterrumors, accusations, boasts, speculations and seeping innuendos. Now, providing there is no eleventh-hour postponement, the matter should at last be disposed of properly by a jury and judge in the $10 million libel suit of Wally Butts vs. the Curtis Publishing Company.

The whole bizarre scandal began on March 15 when Butts appeared on a television news program in Atlanta to deny the charge contained in the magazine article, to be released the following day, titled *The Story of a College Football Fix*. The article said Butts had telephoned Bryant, giving away Georgia's strategy. The basis for the charge was a strange story told by an Atlanta insurance man named George P. Burnett. Burnett claimed that he had been connected accidentally into a long-distance conversation between Butts and Bryant nine days prior to the Georgia-Alabama game and had overheard a discussion about football so unusual that he was compelled to eavesdrop and even take notes. The article attempted to substantiate the charge by presenting fragments of the notes with quotes directly attributed to Georgia Head Coach Johnny Griffith. It was explained that Burnett had struggled with his conscience until early January and was finally persuaded by a friend to tell Griffith the story. Burnett did so. He was then led to the University of Georgia officials. They investigated his character as well as his tale, were satisfied with a lie detector test that Burnett took and passed, and subsequently confronted Butts with the information. Butts then resigned as athletic director. The article did not establish what if any motive Butts had in selling out his school to Bryant, but it made obvious references to gambling.

In the days and weeks that followed, investigations were initiated by everyone from the McClellan Committee to *Hawaiian Eye*. (The world is still waiting for the findings of Southeastern Confer-

ence Commissioner Bernie Moore and those of NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers.) Bear Bryant appeared on television in Birmingham and coupled his forceful denials of the alleged conspiracy with a recruiting speech. "The Alabama football team won that game," said Bryant. Bryant then passed his own lie detector test. Wally Butts passed his lie test. But George Burnett rounded the far turn still leading by one lie test. He passed another one. Arguments raged through the newspapers as to which of the three men had taken the best test.

Meanwhile, at an investigation conducted by the attorney general of Georgia, Eugene Cook, Burnett admitted receiving a $5,000 payment for the story. Milton Flack, a friend of Burnett's, admitted receiving a $500 payment for promising not to spread the story around before publication. John C. Carmichael, another Burnett friend and, oddly enough, a friend of Butts too, testified that Burnett did not know *what* he had overheard because he (Carmichael) had convinced Burnett that nothing Burnett said he heard was valuable enough to persuade them at that time to place a bet on the game, one way or another.

At this point, the contents of two letters were made public through the Georgia investigations. One was from Dr. Frank Rose, the president of Alabama, to the president of Georgia, Dr. O. C. Aderhold. In the letter Rose told Aderhold: "Coach Butts has been serving on the football rules committee, and at a meeting held last summer . . . the defenses used by Coach Bryant, LSU and Tennessee were discussed . . . and new rules were drawn up that would severely penalize these . . . teams unless the defenses were changed, particularly on certain plays." Rose's letter went on to say that Butts had told Bryant that Georgia had plays which, under the new rules interpretations, would penalize Alabama, conceivably might result in injury to a Georgia player and might get Alabama's linebacker, Lee Roy Jordan, expelled from the game. "Coach Bryant," wrote Rose, "asked Coach Butts to let him know what the plays were, and on September 14 he called Coach Bryant and told him. . . . Coach Bryant changed his defenses and invited Mr. George Gardner, Head of the Officials of the Southeastern Conference, to come to Tuscaloosa and interpret for him the legality of his defenses. This Mr. Gardner did the following week. . . . Coach Bryant informs me that calling this to his attention may have favored the Alabama team, but that he doubts it seriously."

Both sides seized Dr. Rose's letter as a major breakthrough in the scandal. It did substantiate the fact that Butts and Bryant had discussed technical football on the telephone before the game, and thus supported Burnett's notes to a degree. Others said it was all clear now: merely a harmless rules discussion between the only man in the Southeastern Conference qualified to talk about them, Butts, and a thoroughgoing defensive genius, Bryant, who never wants his teams caught unwittingly at the slightest disadvantage. A close examination of Burnett's notes, however (SI, April 8), revealed no talk of rules changes but also disclosed nothing patently treasonable on Butts's part.

By now the State of Alabama was conducting its own investigation into the "circumstances surrounding the publication of the [*Saturday Evening Post*] article," and for numerous reasons. One was the fact that Bryant already had a libel suit pending against Curtis for a previous article. Another important reason was the growing skepticism about the factual contents of the "fix" story itself. This skepticism was helped along by the second letter to be revealed. It was written by Georgia Coach Johnny Griffith to Dr. Aderhold, and it said in part, "It is true that Mr. George Burnett came to me and gave me information which I felt it was my duty to turn over to the proper authorities. However, there are three statements [in the article] attributed to me . . . as direct or indirect quotations which, in fact, I have never made. I am quoted . . . as saying—'We knew somebody had given our plays to Alabama and maybe to a couple of other teams . . . but we had no idea it was Wally Butts.' What I did say was—'We figured that somebody had been giving Alabama information.' I made no reference to Coach Butts . . . or to other teams. The story relates that Griffith went to University officials, told them what he knew and said that he would resign if Butts were permitted to remain



on his job. As you know, I made no such statement to you nor have I made it to anyone else. At the conclusion of the article I am quoted . . . as saying to a friend—'I never had a chance, did I?' I have never made such a statement to anyone."

In Alabama the investigation ended with the predictable conclusion that no one had uncovered proof that Bear Bryant was guilty of anything more than producing good football teams. In Georgia, a far less predictable place, Attorney General Eugene Cook's finding—that Butts, at the least, had acted unethically—staggered Butts as well as the whole college football fraternity and encouraged Butts's friends to cry "politics" and "trial without jury."

Although Cook said there was no proof of a gambling involvement, the attorney general undoubtedly was influenced by Butts's acquaintance with individuals who had a background of wagering, and by Butts's financial statement, which showed assets of $200,000. Cook may have been influenced further by George Burnett's success in passing the second lie test, this one administered by Barney G. Ragsdale of the Georgia

continued

Bureau of Investigation, and by Butts's refusal to submit to a similarly searching test. Cook also was armed with the sworn statements of six Georgia assistant coaches which said, in effect, that if Butts had told Bryant what Burnett scribbled on the note pad, the conveying of that information before an opening game was vital and could have affected the outcome. Cook then left it for the courts to decide whether it was a moral issue involving the indiscretion of an American coach or the sordid conspiracy of two eminences of football to corrupt the game to which they have made so many contributions.



University presidents, Dr. Frank Rose (left) *of Alabama, strong backer of Bryant, and Georgia's Dr. O. C. Aderhold, who failed to back Butts, may testify on different sides in suit.*

While the scandal has remained out of the newspapers for three months since the investigations, it has continued to be a major source of gossip and debate in the South, where almost anything remotely associated with football is held dearer thao the 47 days that Vicksburg staved off Grant.

At first there was more than a slight trace of resentment about the whole affair because a "Yankee magazine" had started it. This gradually was erased, in part, wben it became known that a Georgian—*Atlanto Journal* Sports Editor Furman Bisher—was not just casually involved. The by-line on the story was that of Frank Graham, Jr., at the time a New York free-lance writer, but Bisher eventually admitted receiving payment for helping with it. Bisher's participation may have lent credence to the accusation in parts of Georgia, but in Alabama it only compounded the confusion because Bisher already was being sued by Bryant for an earlier article.

If Burnett was a worried, conscience-stricken, financially embarrassed fellow when his story appeared, things are quite different with him now. At his company, Foundation Life Insurance, he has been promoted to district sales manager in charge of an eight-man force, and his attorney estimates that his income has doubled to $18,000 a year. Says Burnett: "People have accepted my story. I didn't accuse anyone. I merely related what I overheard. I have received only one crank phone call—a drunk from Baltimore. Things bave been great."

Things have not been so great for Butts, who went through a period of seclusion. Describing his post-Burnett days, Butts says, "Things have been hell and the only thing that has sustained me is the support of my true friends." He managed to sell his handsome, red-brick home in Athens, Ga. for $41,000 and move ioto an apartment with his wife, Winnie. Butts has appeared at Atlanta Cracker baseball games, and he was an honored guest at the ball park on July 14 for Earl Mann Day. He has made a few banquet speeches. On one occasion in Alabama, a flicker of the humor that made him a popular speaker came out. "I had some hot information for Auburn," Butts said wryly, "but they wouldn't accept my call. Word's out that I'm calling collect now." Butts has enjoyed some small encouragements—many of his former players have rallied around him, and recently automobile bumpers have blossomed with "I'm for Wally" stickers.

Another thing that may have given Butts a pang of pleasure is the common knowledge in Athens that Johnny Griffith is undergoing his own share of suffering. Griffith's job is insecure as a result of the scandal, and the athletic director's job he wants may be farther out of reach than ever. Griffith's situatioo was not helped when Charley Trippi, Georgia's superb player of the past, and clearly a friend of Butts, quit the coaching staff and joined the professional St. Louis Cardinals of the National Football League.

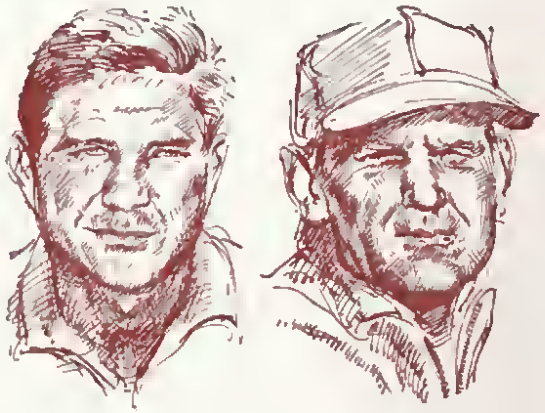
The courtroom in whicb all these skeins will be untangled is up two flights of marble stairs in Room 318 of Atlanta's U.S. Post Office and Court Building. The presiding judge will be Lewis (Pete) Morgan, a graduate of tbe University of Georgia law school, a stern man who is unlikely to allow any foolishness and who will admit spectators to the 225-capacity room on a first-come-first-served basis. Like Judge Morgan, the opposing trial lawyers are graduates of Georgia's law school. William Schroder Jr., who will represent Wally Butts, and Wellburn Cody of the defense are from prominent Atlanta families and broadly respected firms. They are old friends and golfing companions. "We'll still be friends when it's over," says Schroder, "but it won't make any difference in the courtroom."

While Wellburn Cody, a good varsity baseball player as an undergraduate at Georgia, has steadfastly refused to make



Georgia alumni, ex-All America Charley Trippi (left) *and state Attorney General Eugene Cook, are opposed over meaning of notes. Trippi finds them innocent, Cook indiecreet.*

any pretrial comment. Schroder, a former Notre Dame end and Georgia freshman coach during the '30s, has spoken freely. "Both sides are confident," he says. "I've heard they've said that we couldn't win any damages with a winnin' machine, but I could tell 'em they don't have a chance either. I talked with Louis Nizer before I took this case, and I've consulted him since, and I'm going for a record settlement that would top the $3.5 million he got for John Henry Faulk in the blacklist case." Schroder is of the opinion that from 20 to 30 witnesses will appear and that the duration of the trial will be about two weeks.



Rival coaches, Johnny Griffith of Georgia (left) and Paul (Bear) Bryant of Alabama, deny vigorously that their roles were interpreted correctly in controversial article.

In any libel action it is the burden of the defendant to prove truth. It shall therefore be the privilege of Wellburn Cody to make the opening and closing pleas to the jury in behalf of the publishers. In the meantime, Schroder may have the burden of rebutting charges that Wally Butts's character was such that it could not be damaged by the article.

This could jolt open the trial door for some embarrassing testimony about Butts's not-so-private life. By citing some of Butts's associations and habits, the defense may attempt to show that he did not derive all of his pleasure from winning football games for Georgia. At the same time, Butts's attorney can almost certainly be counted upon to attack the character of his client's accusers. George Burnett has a record for writing bad checks. And some of Burnett's friends will be cast in a less than angelic light. Milton Flack, for example, can be painted as a scrambling down-and-up-but-mostly-down promoter who tried to peddle the story at least three different places. Interestingly enough, Flack once roomed with a man who had served eight years in a federal penitentiary for staging one of the last train robberies in America.

William Schroder's attack, however, will largely be directed at the publishers and at the article itself. He will attempt to show that *The Saturday Evening Post* has changed its character and become "sensational," and in consequence the article concerning Butts was irresponsible. As for the article, Schroder will claim that it contained many factual errors. Moreover, he will contend that excessive and damaging liberties were taken with quotations from more people than Johnny Griffith. Butts's character as a football coach will then be strongly supported by the many ex-Georgia players who have come forward in his behalf, and his loyalty to the university will be claimed on the basis of his coaching record and the fact that during his tenure at Georgia he turned down numerous attractive opportunities for jobs elsewhere.

Butts will not, of course, deny the evidence of many phone calls to Bryant (10 from August 8 to November 15) or calls to other coaches—to Florida State Head Coach Bill Peterson two days before Georgia lost an 18–0 upset to that team, to Kentucky Assistant Coach Bob Ford and to Minnesota Assistant Coach Bob Bossons. However, Schroder will attempt to prove that even pregame conversation between opposing coaches is commonplace, as he takes aim on the scandalous notes of Burnett. Butts's position will be that he cannot remember having said any of the things that the magazine says the jumbled notes suggest, but that if he did, it was harmless "football talk" and not even unethical, much less indicative of a rigged game. Butts's strongest support of all should come from Bear Bryant, Frank Rose, Charley Trippi and John C. Carmichael.

The quiet Wellburn Cody, who has given no indication of his defense, has an equally imposing list of witnesses to call upon, among them President Aderhold, Comptroller J. D. Bolton (a friend of Griffith's), Athletic Board Member Cook Barwick and Coach Griffith, plus George Burnett with his notes and Attorney George Eugene Cook with his report. And there is the possibility of new evidence in the form of sealed depositions and surprise witnesses.

For the jury that will be selected on the first day of proceedings from more than 100 people, the task could be doubly hard. If the panel finds that libel has been committed, it must then establish the degree of damage. The key to the whole drama may well be what Judge Morgan deems admissible evidence. As one Atlanta attorney says, "They'll be plowing new ground." New ground was plowed in Tennessee 38 years ago as a liberal and a fundamentalist interpreted the Bible for all the world to judge. Now the debate on another sacred institution of the South—college football—is primed for its legal climax. END



Article's authors, Furman Bisher (left), sports editor of the Atlanta Journal, and Frank Graham Jr., a freelance, collaborated on research before Graham wrote final version.



THIS IS WHAT CLAY SAYS HE WANTS

"A disgrace!" bellowed Cassius Marcellus Clay, who had just become the No. 1 heavyweight contender while sitting safely out of range of Sonny Liston's bludgeoning fists. It wasn't just Floyd Patterson (*see page 27*) who was a disgrace, Cassius allowed, but Sonny too. "Liston," he shouted for all to hear, "is a tramp! I'm the champ!"

Cassius must be kidding. If he isn't, he's crazy. It is one thing to anticipate meeting Liston with financial gain in mind and quite another to consider entering the ring against a virtually indestructible and demonstrably deadly fighting machine. Remember: Cassius had just seen in person what the pictures on the following pages show so graphically.

Clay's style is made to order for another massacre. He carries his hands too low, he leans away from a punch and he cannot fight a lick inside. He will face in Liston an opponent with endurance, highly developed skills, deceptive speed and strength enough to stun an elephant with either hand. Yet Cassius loudly insists that he is going to whup "that big ugly bear" when they meet, most likely in Philadelphia this September.

The oddsmakers do not think much of Clay's chances. James (Jimmie the Greek) Snyder, handicapper emeritus, figures that Liston should be an overwhelming 8-to-1 favorite. The only way a Liston backer can get any kind of odds is to pick one of the first six rounds for the knockout. "It's impossible," says Jimmie the Greek, "for Clay to last six rounds." —ROBERT H. BOYLE

CONTINUED







Sonny Liston fires for effect. His punches are not carefully aimed; he depends on their generalized brutality and debilitating force. But, as these pictures show, they explode from an extraordinary muscular structure and they follow classical patterns. At left, Liston jars Patterson with a jab. Below, he clubs Floyd with a left hook, the ultimate weapon in his arsenal. And, finally, an overhand right nearly doubles up the flat-footed ex-champion.





'I LIVE WITH MYSELF'

History is not always just, and it recalls descents more clearly than ascensions. Floyd Patterson will not be remembered as the youngest man ever to win the heavyweight championship—he was but 21 in that shining, forgotten hour—nor as the only man to win it back but as the haunted, vulnerable figure whom Sonny Liston twice knocked out in the first round. These bathetic spectacles have colored, perhaps with a false light, the rest of Patterson's career. In the beginning he was, above all, a passionate fighter, but after he became champion only once did he return to his violent ways—when he knocked out Ingemar Johansson in their return match.

If he had defeated Liston or at least given him a good fight, Floyd might have retired. Now he says he will fight again; he has already had offers to meet Doug Jones and Cleveland Williams. Floyd must satisfy what his manager-in-exile, Cus D'Amato, calls "his harsh pride." It is an attempt to redress history, but history is decided not only by the flow of events. It is founded often on inflexible opinion and Floyd's battle will be unequal.

In the days before the fight it was evident that Floyd, in his maturity, had lost the inflamed purpose that once carried him to victory, but he wanted a fit moment for his leave-taking. "Most of my fighting is based on my feelings," he admitted as he walked through the desert. "I don't seem to have as much viciousness as I used to. I'll never feel the way I felt when I fought Ingemar the second time. It's wrong to feel so vicious. *I hated the feeling. I wanted that man's* blood, and after I knocked him down I saw his legs begin to twitch. I was sickened with myself. I was jumping with joy and I looked down and I saw him lying there. I couldn't stop jumping but I thought to myself, nothing is worth another man's life. And I promised myself I'd never feel that way again."

Threatened by Liston's great loom, Patterson stands erect, but his hands are down and his face displays a foreboding of quick and painful loss

Floyd shied stones for Charlie Brown and Whitey, the German shepherds that accompanied him. The sun had set but the mountains still held its light, purple and peaceably folded.

"I got a whole lot more out of boxing than security," Floyd said. "I've given all for one thing but I've been fortunate. I have gotten more in return than I have given. I have given up 12 wonderful years that I would give up all over again, and the only loss was missing my children growing up. My oldest daughter is 6 now. All told, I've seen her for one year. I've missed five years. Every time I go home she is an inch taller, a wee bit brighter. I want time to devote time to my children.

"I am no great fighter. I'm a capable fighter. I'm content and I'm satisfied. I never asked to be a great champion. I was the youngest to ever win the title. I was the first to win it back and I've earned $5 million. What the hell—pardon my expression—do I want to be a really great champion for? Does the public really believe that I am conceited enough . . . that greedy?

"Naturally, if some of the hunger leaves, some of the desire is gone. I was never interested in recognition. First of all, I loved fighting and it gave me something to belong to. When I was younger I was unable to look anyone in the face. I thought all men were better than me. They were like Presidents. I feel today that I am better than no one but no one is better than me.

"*After marrying, I began to take boxing* more seriously, and I became wary. Once, when I leaped through the air, I had all the confidence in the world. Guys would do nothing but wait for my leap and then try to do something, but they couldn't because I was too fast. I don't leap anymore. They say I look as fast but I feel a little slower. And I have become more compassionate. I guess, after a while, you get tired of hurting people. Boxing is for the young."

What has happened to Floyd Patterson is that he has grown up, but the past still hangs from his neck like a sea anchor. He is reluctant to emerge from what he calls "the orderliness" of his training camp, that simulacrum, yet he has made remarkable advances. He has bought a light plane and is taking flying lessons, whereas formerly he was terrified of flying. "When I fly," Floyd says, "I relax. I don't think of anything on the ground. My mind's in the sky."

Last May he went to Birmingham with Jackie Robinson. "I live with myself," Floyd explains, "look at myself in the mirror each morning. Whatever I can do to relieve my conscience I will do. You have to have respect for yourself. You have to put first things first. I'm not a politician and I'm not a leader. I just like to be an active participant, one of the crowd. But I have no respect for the Black Muslims. They're a colored Ku Klux Klan. They're out for revenge more than anything else."

He has also reached an entente with his brother Billy, who publicly and unjustly condemned Floyd after the loss to Johansson. "Billy came up to my camp," Floyd recalled. "He realized he had made a mistake. He's older and it's hard for him to accept the idea that I was successful in his occupation; he was a fighter before I was. I spent four years disliking Billy. Every time I thought of him, a cold, shivery feeling would come over me. I have a lot more peace of mind now that I'm not angry anymore. See how miserable it is to hate, so nice to take someone back. I will never hate anyone anymore. Birmingham basically revolved around the same things as my feeling about Billy."

After Liston knocked him out, Floyd received visitors in his bungalow. "Can I get anyone a drink of water?" he asked. "I am afraid that's the only thing we have in the refrigerator." He was asked how his flying was going. "*I feel I've* made real progress," he said. "Buster [Buster Watson, his co-trainer] isn't too sure, however. I had him up while I was practicing stalls and when we landed he gave me back his ticket."

Floyd walked his guests outside into the deeper dark under the cottonwoods, and thanked them for dropping by. He had made the hard choice: to go on, and we wish him well. But will he, in his search for redemption, only be giving more away? —GILBERT ROGIN



Part IV:

MY GAME
AND YOURS
BY
ARNOLD PALMER

THINKING MAN'S GOLF

Intelligence is the game's greatest stroke-saver. Here are the three areas in which proper attitude and special alertness pay off the most

We have finished with the fundamentals of the game. Whatever you may have read, thought or been taught, the things I discussed in the last two installments are all there is to it. If you use the correct grip, if you anchor your feet and especially your head, and if you keep your swing compact, you have conquered the mechanical part of golf.

Now let us return to the aspect of the game that is the most challenging, the most rewarding and certainly the most important—the mental part.

Golf takes more mental energy, more concentration, more determination than any other sport I know. It is not a team sport, where the other fellows can bail you out if you have a lapse. It is not a head-to-head contest like tennis, where you can hope that your opponent will make a mistake before you make one. It is just you and a club and a ball trying to dominate a course that sits there like a mountain to be climbed, a course that plays no favorites and shows no mercy. Make a careless move and it will swallow you up.

Let me talk briefly about some things that happen in pro tournaments and you will see for yourself how the same problems arise in any amateur's golf game and what you must do about them.

To win a professional event, you have to hit the ball harder and straighter than your opponents. You must have both power and precision. And while you need power and precision to win at any sport, note how strange are the circumstances under which you have to apply them in golf.

A single round of golf lasts four hours. A tournament that goes on for four days seems almost endless. Yet while playing either a round or a tournament there are very few times when you are called upon to act. There are the long intervals between shots. There are the long waits between one day's round and the next.

The game calls for top physical effort, yet it is played at a low physical pace. You do not get fired up and full of adrenaline like a football player or a boxer. As a matter of fact, it would be fatal

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to get too fired up. A boxer who gets angry often boxes better, unless he loses his head entirely, but a golfer who gets angry is bound to play worse. Nor is there any way to release tension as there is, say, in football, where you have the smash of body contact. You are under constant tension, yet you have to execute every shot in cold blood, so to speak. You have to force yourself, each time you address the ball, to be as calm as a surgeon, and you have to stay that collected in spite of whatever happens.

Strange things do happen. Take, for example, the third day at this year's Phoenix Open. It was reported in most newspapers that a girl's giggle distracted me on the 13th green and caused me to three-putt. Actually it was not a girl, and I was not thrown off because of irritation. What happened was that two men tried to leap across a ditch while I was addressing my putt. One of them fell in, creating a scene at which everybody in the vicinity could not help laughing. I had to laugh myself. That moment in which my mind was taken off my game was enough to spoil my concentration and cause me to miss my putt. I was angry afterward, because I realized what that fall into the ditch had cost me. But I didn't stay angry, I didn't let the incident continue to destroy my concentration. I went on to win the tournament.

The weather can bother you—if you let it. (It bothered everybody—quite impartially—at Brookline during the U.S. Open.) One year in the Masters I was driving off the 10th tee, with a stiff wind blowing into my face. I was just about to swing when I felt a sudden lull in the wind. Trying to hurry and take advantage of it, I duck-hooked my ball into the woods. I could have blamed the bad shot on fate and been upset the rest of the day. Actually, analyzing what had happened, I was more upset with myself than with the elements. Had I been concentrating fully, had I been comfortable and well set over the ball, the lull in the wind would never have thrown me off. If anything, I would merely have stepped back and got myself set again. The wind had played a part, but the mistake was my own and I suffered the consequences.

The course itself can upset you. At Troon in the 1962 British Open there had been a long drought and the fairways were baked solid. Troon is so full of ridges and humps that there is no telling, when the ground is hard, where any shot will end up. One day, on the 15th, I hit one of the finest drives of my life. It was long and absolutely square, right down the center of the fairway on the exact line I had planned as the maximum protection against trouble. Yet when I got to the ball I found that it had bounced all the way off the fairway and into a thick tangle of downhill rough, as nasty a lie as anybody ever suffered for a roundhouse hook.

Things like this can bother you, all right, but you cannot let them prey on your mind. When I played my first practice round over Troon, I decided that I was not going to permit myself to get locked into a life-and-death struggle with the course. Nobody had planned the drought; nobody was to blame. I told myself the course was as baked for the other players as for me; everybody else was going to get bad bounces, too. I decided that I would try to keep the ball right in the center to allow a maximum leeway for a bounce to either side. Then if I got bad bounces, well, I just got bad bounces. Why get angry? My attitude won that tournament for me.

That is the kind of thing that a sound mental approach to golf can do for you. You need to develop a frame of mind that will allow you to do your best regardless of the hazards, regardless of the interruptions, regardless of the bad bounces. Let us look at three areas of the game where good thinking can be especially valuable—the practice tee, the first three holes and the last three holes.

There is a right way to practice and a wrong way. Take a look at the typical golfer as he arrives at a driving range. He steps right up and buys the king-sized bucket of balls. Wrong. He may discover that his muscles are too stiff to swing easily. Or after hitting a few balls he may find that he is not in the right mood for practice. But as long as he has invested in the balls, he is going to keep hitting just to get his money's worth—and he is going home a worse player than he was when he came, having lost whatever rhythm his swing had.

He borrows a club, because he does not have his own clubs in his car. Wrong. You practice in order to learn to swing your own clubs easily and naturally. The swing is largely a matter of feel. It does not do any good to get the feel of a club you will never use again.

He drives off the rubber mats. Wrong. This is totally artificial. You can hit six inches behind the ball but bounce off the rubber and get away a pretty fair shot, thus misleading yourself entirely. Above all, never hit iron shots off the rubber mats.

He does not aim at anything. Wrong. He is just beating the ball. If he hits a good shot, he hastens to hit another ball quickly before he forgets the secret. If he hits a bad one, he steps back frowning and wondering what went wrong—but not really thinking and analyzing. Before long, he is hitting them all badly. He can't imagine what went wrong. Everything has gone wrong. He is off balance at the address. His waggle is nervous and jerky. He is picking the club up with his wrists. His head is moving. He is practicing the very movements that ruin a golf shot.

If you do a little thinking you will realize that to practice properly you have got to have your own clubs and a grass tee. You have to take your time. You have to check your grip, and remind yourself of the fundamentals. You have to plan your shot. You have to pick out a spot and aim at it.

There is even a game you can try on the practice tee. You can pretend to play a whole round of golf, except for the putting. First you hit a drive. That is off the first tee of your own course, you tell yourself. It hooks a little. You would be on the left edge of the fairway. Now you must lift a tricky four-iron over a large sand trap to hit the green. You push the four-iron a little to the right. That leaves

continued

you a 20-yard pitch-and-run shot. So you get out the pitching wedge and try it. Then you mentally walk to the second tee and start again.

Every time a shot goes bad on a practice tee, think about it. Why did you miss? Try it again. If you keep mentally working you will discover what is wrong. Now at last you have got it. You are hitting them long and straight. This is the time to relax and get that good swing grooved. Golf practice is not at all like a session with barbells, where you are merely trying to build muscles. It is an attempt to develop a smooth, coordinated body action. It is designed to weld the hands, wrists, arms, body and legs into such a natural and rhythmic motion that they will perform without thought and without effort, time after time, so that you can concentrate on the finer points of the game.

Above all, you must feel that practice is not work. When undertaken properly it is a quite pleasurable athletic activity in itself.

Now, about those two periods in a round of golf where you can do yourself the most good—or the most harm. We can start with the all-important first three holes.

When I was a young pro I had the feeling that nobody on the tour concentrated very much in the early stages of a tournament. It was a natural suspicion, for it is difficult in any game to take the beginning as seriously as the end. In baseball, football or basketball the first minutes are almost a feeling-out period, a prelude to the action ahead. It is easy

continued





WORST FINISH OF ALL

Troubles of a final hole are epitomized by this disaster in the 1961 Masters. Needing only a par to win, Palmer hit into trap, blasted over the green, slumped in disgust and finally missed the putt—to lose.

Photographs by Art Rickerby









to think the same way about golf. The whole day seems to loom ahead of you. If you lose the first hole there is always the second. If you play that one badly, too, there are still 16 to go. But if you fall into this lackadaisical attitude, this mental trap, your day is ruined before you know it. Once the weekend golfer starts off badly he discovers it is almost impossible to pull his game together. His confidence and his concentration are gone. He may as well go home, for golf —more than any other sport—is a game in which a good start is vitally important. Half the world's golf matches are settled on the first three holes.

Why not start well? It should be easier to score on the early holes, because you are obviously fresher and stronger than you will be later in the day. Yet most golfers have a physical as well as mental problem on the first three holes. Yes, I am about to discuss that old bromide about warming up before playing. I know you have heard it a hundred times. The reason you hear it so often is that it is so true, yet you still refuse to do it. If you are like most golfers, and have not been warming up, I will absolutely guarantee that you can lower your handicap by two strokes—without changing anything else in your game—just by getting ready before you tee off. Fifteen minutes on the practice tee will help immeasurably. Check your grip. Think briefly about the fundamentals. Then hit a few eight-iron shots, some five-irons, some long irons and some drives. Do not think about too many things. Do not get engrossed in analyzing your swing, or anything like that. All you are doing is getting squared away, so to speak. You are getting loose and limber, and—if you do this—you are also getting smart.

What if your course does not have a practice tee? Well, that is a drawback. But it is not fatal. Hit some little chips to the practice green; even chip shots will loosen your muscles and sharpen your concentration. Swing some of your longer clubs. Just swinging will help a lot. You have not been using those golfing muscles all week. They need time to get back into action.

But no matter how much time you spend warming up, there is nothing that says you cannot have a bad first hole anyway. One year I stepped up to the first tee in the Eastern Open at Baltimore feeling just great. I had been playing well for weeks. I had felt good on the practice tee. Mentally, I had the combination of concentration and relaxation I always strive for. I was sure I was going to have a good round.

I took an easy and confident swing with my driver, and the ball hooked out of bounds. I had wasted two strokes before the tournament had even begun. In disgust I turned to Doug Ford, who was next up to hit, and said, "I think I'll put the ball in my pocket and go home."

Doug said, "The way you've been playing, you can afford to spot the field two strokes. Go ahead and hit another."

It was all I needed to jolt me back to reality. I had been a fool to be discouraged. So this is the last lesson you must learn about the first three holes. Anybody can hit a bad shot, at any moment. The thing to do is forget it, put it out of your mind entirely. Get on top of the situation and your game, immediately. If you are warmed up physically and mentally, and if you are concentrating, your touch will come back. How did I do that day in the Eastern Open? By the 5th hole I was two under par. I won the tournament by two strokes.

If half the world's golf matches are decided in the first three holes, the other half are decided in the last three. The middle part of a golf round tends to settle into a sort of pattern. Once you are past the opening holes, the next time you will be called upon for absolutely all the concentration you can muster is in the crucial final three.

I know of no better way to start on this subject than to tell you about one of the most memorable final holes I ever played (*see pages 30-31*). You may recall it—Sunday afternoon, April 9, 1961, the 18th at Augusta. It was the last day of the Masters. Everything about my game had pulled together, and I had come from four strokes behind. All I needed, as I stood on the 18th tee, was a par 4 to win. Even a bogey 5 would tie Gary Player.

I hit one of my best drives of the day, about 260 yards out, not more than 150 yards from the green. I walked down the fairway feeling great. My friends in the crowd came up to slap me on the back. I was in. I couldn't miss. I apparently had won the Masters for the second year in a row, something never done before. My mind was grinning all over. I hit a seven-iron to the green, came off the ball a little, sent the shot out on the low side and faded it into a sand trap. When I walked up I saw that the ball lay toward the rear bank of the trap. I had my choice. I could play it safe out of the trap, not aiming for the hole at all, and settle for a 5 and a tie. Or I could gamble and go for the hole and victory.

I gambled—and I hit the shot too clean. The ball sailed over the green, through the crowd and down a bank. My recovery was past the hole. I missed the putt and had a double bogey 6. Player was the new Masters champion.

I had blown it. I had victory in my hands and let it slip through. It taught me a lesson, I can tell you that. If I ever find myself in a similar situation, with a great drive off the final tee and everybody crowding around to congratulate me, you will never again see me grinning like a fool at the compliments. If you lose your concentration on the golf course, you are done for. That is the first lesson about the finishing holes—you cannot let up.

But suppose this: suppose that history should repeat itself and for all my sustained concentration I should miss my second shot again and wind up in that same spot in the sand trap. What would I do then? Would I gamble—or would I play it safe?

I would gamble. I would be a lot more careful with the shot, but I would still go for the flag. Let me tell you why, because it is something that comes up all the time in golf.

I have a friend who took up golf late in life and is never going to be a champion but who can hit the ball pretty well when he puts his mind to it. You would think he would be a good, steady 80 shooter. Yet he has never in his life broken 90. He has had a lot of chances. But he blows them on the last three holes. I know why. He gets to thinking about how much margin he has. He says to himself, "Even if I miss my tee shot on the 16th, I've still got it made." Well, he misses the tee shot and then starts making some more advance excuses. He tells himself that he does not have to try extra hard to hit the green with his second. He decides he is too far out anyway. He will just bang the ball somewhere up in

the general direction of the hole. Then he will pitch on with his third shot and still have an easy bogey. He bangs the ball, all right, much too carelessly. The story is too gruesome to finish. He has made the most frequent closing-hole error of all—he has tried to play safe. To play golf well, you have to play aggressively—and when the temptation comes to be cautious, as it can so easily do when you reach those last three holes of a good round, you have to resist it with all your will power. I don't mean by this that you have to take any foolish gambles. When your ball is sitting nicely on the 18th green and you still have two strokes left to get a score that has long been your ambition or to win a match, it would be silly to charge your first putt and run the risk of going so far past the hole that you cannot get back. In a situation like that I would settle for two putts every time. But in general you have to hit the ball aggressively if you want to play your best. If you start thinking you can afford to miss a shot, you will miss it.

One of the few times I ever forgot this it cost me a tournament. This was in the Azalea Open of 1958, a week before the Masters. I finished in a tie with Howie Johnson, and we had a Monday playoff. I figured I could handle Howie pretty easily, the way I had been playing, and my mind was mostly on the Masters. I decided to settle for a nice easy win without extending myself. So what happened? Howie Johnson had a bad round and came in with a 77—but he beat me. The truth of the matter was that I beat myself, by thinking small.

There is another hazard in the final holes of a golf round, especially for the amateur who does not play often. To a man who has been sitting much of the week, a round of golf can be pretty tiring. Many weekend players come up to the last holes feeling a little beat. Their legs are tired, their hands are starting to hurt, their shoulders are getting stiff.

The tendency, when you feel like this, is to try too hard. You know you are tired, that you are not as strong as you were on the first nine, so you feel you have to put extra effort into hitting the ball. You think you have to wind up a little more, take a longer backswing, press for some kind of hidden reserve of physical strength that will make up for your fatigue. But when you are tired you cannot get the same kind of body action you normally do. Trying too hard physically can only result in overswinging and getting off balance. Consequently, you miss your shots.

The secret of living with fatigue on the golf course is not to try harder, but to settle for hitting the ball with a little less than your maximum strength. This is the time to take a shorter backswing, not a longer one. The swing has to become more compact, not less compact. You have to play now as if you were 10 years older, because fatigue has—for the time being—actually made your muscles 10 years older. Your drives cannot possibly be as long as they were earlier in the day. You are going to have to use a five-iron, maybe even a four, where on the first nine you were using a six. The pros do this all the time when they feel tired. You should try it, too.

Does this contradict what I said earlier about playing aggressively? No, not at all. You are still going to think and hit positively. You are going to stay determined to do the best you possibly can—under the circumstances. But the circumstances have changed. The muscles that were so eager on the front nine have now become muscles that would just as soon be under a hot shower. If you refuse to admit that you are tired, if you command your muscles to hit those drives just as far as before, they are going to let you down.

If you have been the kind of player who often takes a 42 on the first nine and a 53 on the back nine, this is probably what has been happening. Next time you come up to the final holes take stock. How do your legs feel? Your shoulders? Honestly, now? Are they getting tired? It is nothing to be ashamed of. Confess it and alter your game accordingly. Settle for a shorter swing. The 16th, 17th and 18th don't have to spoil your day.

NEXT WEEK

How you, too, can be a bold golfer, able to enjoy all of the pleasure that the game offers.

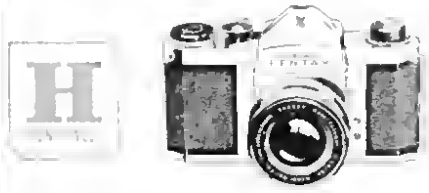


That's my girl!

After looking at my snapshots of Ellie practicing for the championships, a friend told me the only way to take satisfactory personal pictures of sporting events is with a camera such as his Honeywell Pentax.

I asked him to prove it, and he did with this shot, taken from the fence with a 135mm lens on his Pentax. It's the kind of picture I've been trying to get all along. He showed me how the Pentax single-lens reflex viewing system works—how you compose and focus through the same lens that takes the picture. And, he showed me how the accessory 135mm telephoto lens magnified the subject so that he could stand back far enough to avoid distracting Ellie and her mount.

I was convinced. And when I compared the Pentax H-3 with the other *fine cameras at my dealer's, I saw that* it was the camera for me. With the championships coming up next week, I'm equipped to take those pictures I've always wanted!



At just $199.50, the Honeywell Pentax H-3 (55mm f/1.8 Auto-Takumar lens, speeds to 1/1000 second) is the finest camera value in the world today! See it at your dealer's soon, or write for illustrated brochure to: Pat O'Neill (209), Honeywell, Denver 10, Colo.

Honeywell

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRODUCTS

The Army of Northern Virginia was still licking its wounds after Gettysburg when, 100 years ago this week, Thoroughbred racing began at Saratoga Springs in upstate New York. It was touch and go in those days—most horses were off at the front themselves—but racing at Saratoga has calmly survived everything from Man o' War's only defeat to the razing of the United States Hotel, and the 1963 meeting will mark a centennial of serenity in the town of elm shade and mineral water. Not the richest and not the splash-



iest, Saratoga racing is the most satisfying. It is the one meeting that draws disciples of the sport from all over the US, one place where cordiality outweighs commercialism. Says Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons: "Saratoga gives racing a transfusion. Down below [in New York City] it's a different breed." Some of those responsible for maintaining the resort town's difference, its old-world, folk-art charm, are here portrayed by Artist Paul Davis, who has blended the people, their homes and their racing colors into a Saratoga gallery.



Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps of Long Island has raced her yellow and purple Wheatley Stable silks at Saratoga for 35 years and her family has won 11 important stakes there in the past decade. In the background stand her son, Ogden, his wife, Lillian Bostwick Phipps, and their rented Saratoga summer house.



Virginian Howell Jackson (above, with his wife Dorothy) is a grandnephew of Confederate General Red Jackson, who owned Tennessee's famed stud farm, Belle Meade. The family's maroon colors go back to 1825 and are the country's oldest. Their Saratoga home is named Red Shoes, after a Jackson filly that won there.

Mrs. Charles Payson (she owns the Mets) and her brother Jock Whitney (he owns the Herald Tribune) jointly own Greentree Stable, inherited from their mother, Helen Hay Whitney. Mrs. Payson and Whitney have summered in Saratoga since the early 1900s, and she still keeps her mother's clapboard home.





F. Skiddy von Stade (left) is past president of the Saratoga Association, and his family has been coming to their 90-year-old home for five generations—the steamboat that once brought patrons up from New York was named the Frances Skiddy. Pete Bostwick, Von Stade's son-in-law, is a leading steeplechase trainer.

Storied old homes and elegant landmarks dot racing Saratoga Springs, and a few of the best known are shown in this stylized interpretation by Burt Goeckel: ① the Ogden Phippses', ② the former Chauncey Olcott house, ③ Mrs. Martha Ryan's, ④ Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords', ⑤ the Christopher T. Chenerys', ⑥ the James Cox Bradys', ⑦ the Howell Jacksons', ⑧ F. Skiddy von Stade's, ⑨ the Ralph G. Wilsons', ⑩ Mrs. Charles Payson's, ⑪ the National Museum of Racing, ⑫ the Reading Room, a private men's club, ⑬ campus of Skidmore College for women, ⑭ the John Hay (Jock) Whitneys', ⑮ the C. V. Whitneys', ⑯ the Gideon Putnam Hotel.



ARCHERY / *Virginia Kraft*

She started at the top

Through two unprecedented years, Nancy Vonderheide has been a champion who could not lose. Now she faces the ultimate test



When Nancy Vonderheide took up archery she entered a field in which violent ups and downs are the norm of a successful career. Nancy promptly rebelled. She regarded each tournament that she won as a challenge to win the next one as well, and with a consistency never before found in this ancient sport, she went precisely from one championship to another, like a man stepping on stones to cross a shallow stream, until she had accumulated more titles than any other woman archer.

A pretty, honey-blonde girl, straight and slender and engagingly matter-of-fact about everything except target shooting with a bow and arrow, Nancy (*see cover*) was first in 16 consecutive tournaments, a record not only unprecedented but incredible. In the inherently unstable world of tournament shooting, her performance gave archery its one major subject for discussion. When would Nancy Vonderheide lose?

The discussion began two years ago during the magnificent pageantry of a world championship in *Oslo*. The unknown girl from Ohio not only won the title in her first major tournament, she also set two world records. Last week the discussion as to when Nancy would be beaten reached its peak as she took her place with two other women contenders on the American team at the 22nd world championship tournament at Helsinki. The awed authorities of archery, studying her scores since Oslo, readily conceded that there was no one at Helsinki with a record as good as hers.

Nancy hardly shared the universal confidence in her invincibility. Looking ahead to the hardest test of them all, she said, "I can't go on winning forever. But I can go on working toward staying near the top."

Nancy is a slow shooter, and between arrows she stands in contemplative silence—head bowed, eyes closed—analyzing her own performance.

Her audience suffers with her. Nancy is the kind of champion everyone cheers. She is the bright-faced, freshly scrubbed girl next door. She is happiest in flat shoes and a wraparound skirt. (But, armed with a low-cut gown and with her crown of naturally golden hair piled high on her head, Nancy can knock a male just as dead as she could with an arrow.) She would rather eat a hamburger at a drive-in (provided they serve good chocolate milk) than a steak at

"21." Now that she is a celebrity, "21" has become familiar, but she still stares wide-eyed at all the famous people she recognizes there. The fact that people sometimes recognize *her* as a celebrity is to Nancy Vonderheide a source of awe.

After she won the world championship at Oslo, her picture was in newspapers and magazines all over the world. She was a guest on television shows, was awarded the key to Cincinnati, signed autographs, received the congratulations of heads of state and was idolized by children at playgrounds. Nancy enjoys the kind of fame that people seem to reserve solely for starlets and sports figures. Since she combines the best characteristics of both, the public goodwill that follows her is of a special quality. When she ponders for a long time between shots, when her fate in a tournament hangs in the balance, her fans wait in devout silence for her victory. Eight priests once appeared at a tournament to cheer her on, and an entire orphanage is united in prayers for her success.

Unlike most athletes, Nancy did not grow up on playing fields. About the only sport she engaged in prior to archery was 10¢-a-throw baseball at an amusement park in her native Cincinnati —and nobody scouted her for the Reds. Her school years, first at St. Francis de Sales and then at Withrow High, were singularly devoid of any exercise more energetic than weekly walks to the local movie. "In those days," Nancy recalls, "the idea of girls' sports in Catholic schools was to make everybody put on high woolen socks and line up on a bench."

Her parents separated when she was four years old. At an age when most girls are playing house, Nancy was scrubbing floors and cooking meals and trying to keep in order the makeshift home her mother provided for her and a younger sister, Carol. The chief joys she remembers in her lonely childhood center around beloved grandparents. Her grandfather was the caretaker at St. Aloysius Orphanage, and the periods when for one reason or another she lived with her grandparents were the happiest in her life. There were always children to play with at the orphanage and soft-spoken Sisters to offer wisdom. Although Nancy left home for good when she finished high school, she never has really left the orphanage. She stops by almost every evening to fuss over her grandfather, now 75 and in his fifth decade as caretaker. She chats with the nuns and looks in on the children, who swarm about her the minute she enters the big, iron gates. From the smallest child to her grandfather, everybody at the orphanage follows Nancy's performances, boasts of her successes, collects her clippings and roots for her in tournaments.

Her competitive debut captured the imagination of people far less impressionable than these eager supporters. Nancy worked for a legal firm where Marvin Kleinman, one of the partners, was an enthusiastic archer. A big man, 6 feet 3 and weighing 220 pounds, Kleinman is smart, tough and successful. "Marvin's partner, Bob Jacobs, was swell to work for," Nancy recalls, "but Marvin was real serious. He used to scare me to death. I would get all jittery when I had to bring anything in for him to sign. Then Bob Jacobs ran for judge, and the whole office campaigned for him. Toward the end, we were working 20-hour days, putting up posters and passing out campaign buttons. Marvin and I were thrown together a lot because we were the only unmarried ones, but he still scared me."

Just shoot a few

Marvin asked her to watch his archery practice at Winton Woods Park, north of Cincinnati. The park maintained a target range and also a field course—a series of animal targets set at intervals in the woods to approximate actual bow-hunting situations. Nancy dutifully trailed along, fighting off mosquitoes, while Marvin tried the field course. But one session in the great outdoors was enough for her, and the next week she stayed behind at the target range, while Marvin set off alone stalking cardboard catamounts in the countryside. The archery instructor at Winton Woods Park was Jim Blackburn, a former Reds' pitcher. Blackburn suggested that Nancy shoot a few arrows while she waited. After six months of Sunday shooting, Nancy entered a tournament. At the end of the first day she was in third place. "I was so shocked that I tried too hard," Nancy says. "I wound up in 10th place because I couldn't cope with the pressure. It isn't enough to be good in a sport. You have to know how to handle the pressure that goes with being good."

She tried to learn how to handle the pressure during a year of competition in minor tournaments near Cincinnati and, for a beginner, her performance was creditable but hardly spectacular. When she won a berth on the team that represented the U.S. at Oslo in 1961, there were mutterings that her qualifying victory was a freak or, more fairly, that it proved the weakness of selecting national teams on the basis of a single qualifying event, rather than on aggregate averages. In international championships 36 arrows are shot at 70 meters and 36 at 60 meters on the first day. On the second day 36 arrows are shot at 50 meters and 36 at 30. On the last two days the distances are repeated; a total of 72 arrows a day for four days. By the second day, all eyes were on the honey-blonde from Ohio, and nobody ever again suggested that she had won her place on the American team by anything but ability.

Nancy was now champion of the world, but nothing else. Having started at the top, she had never won any minor titles. So she systematically set about winning everything—in reverse: the championship of Europe, of the U.S., of the Midwest, of the state of Ohio and so on down to local championships. In the meantime, Marvin had become her combination manager, trainer, coach, press agent, legal adviser, confidant, man Friday and best beau. (Their marriage is scheduled for this winter.) He was a familiar figure whenever Nancy competed, hovering several yards behind her on the line, studying her shots, her form and her scores.

Before each tournament, big or little, everything that she did, every decision she made, was determined by how it might affect her shooting. Unable to sleep before tournaments, she called Marvin three or four times during the night, talking about nothing in particular. She practiced eight hours every day during the five-month tournament season. Her social life disappeared.

Her grandmother had died shortly after Nancy won the world championship, deepening her close relationship with her grandfather. Since she knew all the children at St. Aloysius Orphanage and their small triumphs were catalogued in her mind, each visit was an occasion; the time and understanding she gave the children endeared her to the priests and nuns. Sisters Mary Hauneretta and Mary Hermaline and Mary de Pazzi, who remember Nancy as a little girl, sitting

continued



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alongside the others at the long orphanage dining table or playing in the big, tree-shaded yard, were proud of Nancy's fame and prouder still that it changed her so little.

When Nancy won the world championship at Oslo, the seventh place fell to Victoria Cook, 29, whose career in archery is as casual as Nancy's is intense. The mother of a boy and girl and the wife of a Minneapolis equipment maintenance man, Mrs. Cook took up archery because her husband was an ardent deer hunter with a bow and arrow. (She killed a 204-pound buck deer with a bow last year, the second largest taken by a woman archer in Minnesota.) When she went deer hunting dressed in an old Army fatigue uniform her husband started calling her Sam. The nickname stuck, and Mrs. Cook is now called Sam by her friends and family, all archery enthusiasts.

A race to the wire

When the 22nd world championship tournament began last week, Sam Cook quietly piled up 535 points on the first day, 12 more than Nancy Vonderheide. Scoring is from the center outward—10 and nine points for the gold center, eight and seven for the next red ring, six and five for the blue, four and three for the black, and two and one for the white outer circle. A difference of only 12 points means that Nancy and Mrs. Cook ended the day in the archery equivalent of a photo finish. When the third day's shooting was concluded, Nancy was ahead by one point, a microscopic margin after 216 arrows, and in effect a dead heat. Nancy's score was 1,655 to Mrs. Cook's 1,654.

On the last day—almost on the last arrows—Sam Cook answered the question of when Nancy Vonderheide would lose. Mrs. Cook won the tournament by a total score of 2,253 points to Nancy's 2,196, bringing to an end Nancy's unbroken, record-breaking run of 16 consecutive victories. "I don't know how I feel," said Mrs. Cook. "I wish my children could have been here."

As for Nancy, she had known that the string had to snap eventually. Although she is too gallant a contender to be crushed by defeat, a new question arises: Will Nancy be able to reestablish her dominance of women's archery, or is Sam Cook here to stay? In any case, for the children at St. Aloysius, Helsinki was a hard championship to lose. END



BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Winning team for a losing town

Sports followers in the City of Angels have complained with some accuracy that their teams in recent years have looked more supine than divine. The Los Angeles Dodgers were going to win the National League pennant last season, but stopped playing the game a week before the rest of the league did. The Los Angeles Lakers were going to be the new dynasty in pro basketball, but they neglected to kick out the old king. The Los Angeles Rams played football a little better than Vassar but a little worse than Montana State. Perhaps the trend is about to reverse itself. Last week the Los Angeles contract bridge team won the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy and the U.S. Intercity title by squashing the defending champions from Minneapolis-St. Paul 211 to 160.

The visiting team was outnumbered as well as outplayed. Coming from the Twin Cities were David Clarren, Newton Dockman, Morris Freier, Farrell Green, Don Horwitz, Norman Justice and Julien Philippy, with Irving Levin as nonplaying captain. Los Angeles had its basic seven—Harold Guiver, Robert Hamman, Edwin Kantar, Donald Krauss, Lew Mathe, Erik Paulsen and E. O. Taylor—plus a reserve squad including Ivan Erdos, Meyer Schleifer, Morris Portugal, Mike Shuman and Barry Crane. By the end of the tournament, Nonplaying Captain Kelsey Petterson, like a coach seeing that all his men got letters, had juggled his lineup to use everyone. That is how thoroughly Los Angeles dominated play.

For the first seven deals it was a contest. Indeed, the Twin City team led by 17–9. But Los Angeles scored 10 IMPs on Board 7, and after that was never headed. The crusher came as early as Board 13, which proved most unlucky for the defending champions.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ K J 9
♥ —
♦ K 8 6
♣ A Q J 10 9 7 5

WEST
♠ 10 6 4
♥ K J 10 9 7 6
♦ 9 3
♣ 3 2

EAST
♠ A 8 2
♥ Q 5 4 3 2
♦ A Q
♣ K 6 4

SOUTH
♠ Q 7 5 3
♥ A 8
♦ J 10 7 5 4 2
♣ 8

NORTH (*Mathe*)	EAST (*Dockman*)	SOUTH (*Taylor*)	WEST (*Clarren*)
1 ♣	DOUBLE	1 ♦	1 ♥
3 ♣	3 ♥	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead, ace of clubs

IN THE CLOSED ROOM

NORTH (*Philippy*)	EAST (*Hamman*)	SOUTH (*Green*)	WEST (*Kantar*)
1 ♣	1 ♥	1 ♠	4 ♥
5 ♣	DOUBLE	5 ♦	PASS
5 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: king of hearts

Clarren and Dockman, playing East-West for Twin Cities, reached a routine three-heart contract and went down one trick when the defenders ruffed out the king of clubs and also collected one club trick, two spades and the trump ace. They were hardly prepared to hear that their teammates in the closed room had met with utter disaster.

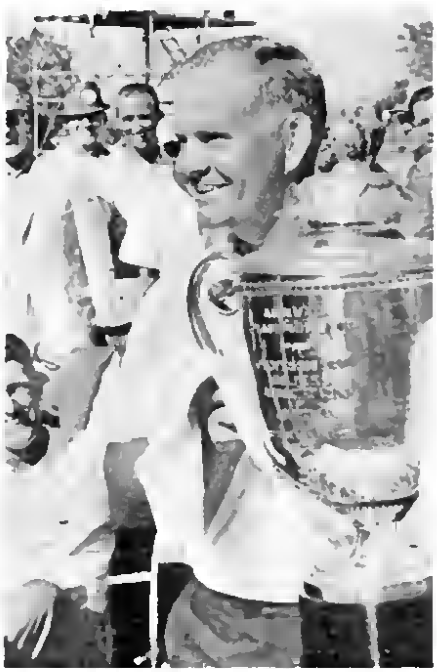
Sitting South for Twin Cities, Green felt that he was not strong enough for a bid at the two level but could make a one-spade overcall. Thus, he suppressed his diamond suit in favor of his four-card major. This sort of bidding technique is always questionable, since it is highly misleading to the partner, but no great harm would have ensued if South had accepted the contract of five clubs doubled. When he actually looked for an escape at five diamonds, North, perhaps unwisely, felt he was obliged to go back to South's first suit, spades, and now the partnership was in real trouble.

South tried to protect his four-card trump length by winning the heart lead with dummy's trump 9, but East ducked the lead of the spade king and won the next lead with his ace, continuing a heart to knock out declarer's ace. South drew the last trumps with his queen of spades, then led a diamond to the king, losing to the ace. Another heart lead exhausted South's last trump. When East got in with the diamond queen, the defenders were able to cash three more heart tricks and set the contract 1,100. The combined result was a gain of 15 IMPs for Los Angeles, and the pattern of the 80-deal match was set.

So Los Angeles, fastest-growing bridge center in the hemisphere, will hold the Intercity championship for a year, and then go to Toronto to meet a Canadian challenge just before the 1964 Summer Nationals next July. **END**

A good time to obey a mother-in-law

The PGA champion tells Gwilym Brown about the one person who said he would win, and gives some revealing reasons why it was not easy



JACK'S GOLF WAS HOT but the trophy was hotter. He needed a towel to pick it up.

Of the several hundred golf tournaments I have played in, it is safe to say that at few have I felt such little cause for optimism as I did prior to the recent PGA Championship in Dallas. In the three tournaments preceding it I had: 1) missed the 36-hole cutoff at the U.S. Open; 2) played a bad last round to finish seventh in the rich Cleveland Open; 3) thrown away the British Open on the final two holes. I had hit the ball so well in Britain and had such disappointing results that I was quite discouraged.

I was also tired. It is a long trip (5,000 miles), involving a seven-hour time change between Lytham Saint Anne's in England and Texas, and play was to begin in Dallas only five days after the British Open ended. In fact, the only person who felt at all confident about my chances in the PGA was my mother-in-law, Helen Bash, who knows absolutely nothing about golf.

"You lost by two strokes at Cleveland and one stroke in England," she told me. "So I just *know* you're going to win the PGA." I appreciated her faith but not her logic—which goes to show what I know.

The one thing I was sure of was that I was not going to drive myself as hard preparing for the PGA as I had for the U.S. Open. I got plenty of sleep, played three practice rounds and let it go at that. On the eve of the tournament I felt rested and almost back to normal again. There remained only the question of whether my game could recover its sharpness after so much traveling.

The constant travel, rather than playing every day, is the toughest part of tournament golf, especially when international trips are involved. When a player goes abroad he makes a long trip, he must adjust to the smaller British ball and he is still expected to score well. When he returns to the States he has made another long trip, must switch back to the larger ball and now is expected to score well with *it*. One consequence of this is some relatively sloppy play, and nobody likes to see such golf in major championships.

Since tournament golf is becoming more and more of an international sport —an excellent trend—I wonder if it is not time for, say, our own PGA, the USGA, the Royal and Ancient of Great Britain and the Australian Golf Union to attempt to coordinate both their rules and the scheduling of their major championships. It is a difficult thing to arrange, but it would be a good idea if these tournaments could be spaced out so that one does not follow right behind the other. More golfers would then be able to play in all the world's major events and still be able to display their very best skills. Proper coordination should also insure that tournament sponsors in the U.S. not be left in the precarious position of having to hold an event at a time when few of the top players are available.

The recent PGA tournament serves as a good example of what can happen when one nation's championship is immediately followed by a big event in another country. Of those who competed in the British Open the week before, I was the only one lucky enough to regain my touch in time to play halfway decently at Dallas. British Open runner-up Phil Rodgers shot a 78–77 and missed the PGA cutoff. The British Open winner Bob Charles, and Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Doug Sanders all played golf in the PGA that was not nearly up to their usual high standards. The unbelievable heat was a factor—100° in the cool places—but the big problem was weariness.

Fatigue affects a player's game in a funny way. Very often it will not show up at all in his full shots. Unless he is very, very tired he will be able to hit these just as solidly as ever. What it strikes first are the delicate shots on and around the green that require so much concentration. A tired player cannot concentrate, he completely loses his sense of "feel." He has very little idea how hard or how softly to hit the ball. Finally this lack of touch around the green causes him to put so much pressure on the rest of his game that it also begins to go to pieces.

Traveling, of course, is not the only cause of fatigue on the pro tour. Rich tournaments and big championships week after week can build up so much pressure that everyone begins to get mentally exhausted. Take the six weeks, for instance, that ended with the PGA. In that stretch we played the $100,000 Thunderbird Classic, the U.S. Open, the $110,000 Cleveland Open, some of us the British Open and then the PGA Championship. The scoring showed that the golf was not sharp, and it looked very

much at times as if no one wanted to win a tournament. This happened, I think, because everyone was trying so hard for so long to play so well. Last year we were all attempting to adjust mentally to playing in those rich $50,000 tournaments. Now they are routine, and we are trying to get used to playing in $100,000 events, where $25,000 may go to the winner. This is all a professional golfer's dream, to be sure. But it is difficult to get used to having $25,000 ride on a few golf shots. I think one reason Arnie has been so successful in the very rich tournaments this year is not just that he is such a great golfer. It is also that he does not get nervous at the thought of putting $25,000 in his pocket.

Ordinarily, about 10 players probably would have been able to break the par of 284 for 72 holes at the Dallas Athletic Club golf course, but the things I have cited hampered all of us there. Still, I was extremely lucky to win with a 279, and with what happened on the last hole I might well have not won at all.

Something occurred on the 18th that I guess a lot of people think would never bother a pro, never cross his mind. I came to that hole two shots in front, knowing that I could bogey it and still win. The hole is only 420 yards long, but there is a pond about 280 yards from the tee. Because of the water, I tried to play a safe three-iron off the tee, but I had mixed emotions about how hard to hit it and I hooked it into the rough. I was now forced to hit the ball safely out into the fairway, still short of the pond. I was left with a full nine-iron to the sloping, elevated green.

As I prepared to hit this shot I became consciously aware of something that is coming up more and more frequently in the life of professional golfers. The fact that I stood to win $13,000 in prize money was almost incidental. What I really started to think about was that every move I made was being watched by 10,000 pairs of eyes on the course and another five million or so on television. That is a lot of eyes. There was nothing to do but go ahead and hit the ball. Considering what I was thinking about, I hit a very good shot. I feared for a moment that it might have been too strong, and I waited for the crowd's reaction. When the yell came, I knew for the first time I was going to win the PGA. I had a three-foot putt left. After I sank it, I was happy to have won. But I must confess I was even happier to get out of that hot spotlight. **END**

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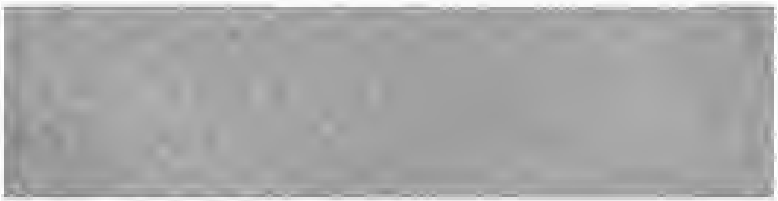
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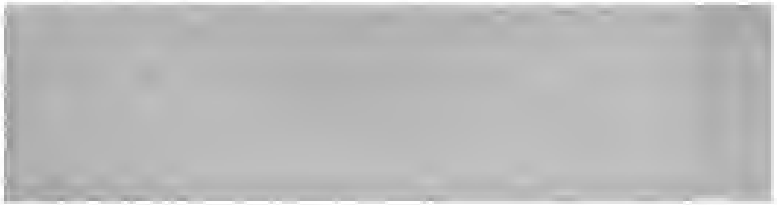
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ROUGH RIDE

continued from page 17

began to leg out the long sea miles in great style. The wind increased to half a gale. The seas built. Huey, a skipper charged with frenzied energy or drenched with deep despair every minute of every race he sails, drove all of us before him. With the wind at 40 knots and gusting ever higher, he reduced sail (when at all) too late. *Ondine*, a light-hulled craft, slid like an eel off the top of seas and cascaded down them in long, roaring, surfing runs. When variations in the wave formations shouldered her out of a direct line, she would veer off, broach, jam her main boom end deep in the roaring seas and stagger over onto her side, throwing men in the cabin out of their bunks. Huey put two men on the wheel to get more power, and carried on. A rip appeared in the big No. 3 spinnaker. Riding a wild and wet foredeck with a 28-foot aluminum pole bashing around, we wrestled the torn sail down and set the less unwieldy No. 4. It blew out within 10 minutes, and we set the No. 5 "bulletproof" spinnaker.

Shortly thereafter, we had the most dramatic moment of the trip. A breaking sea got under *Ondine*'s stern when the boat was making 18 knots on a surfing run and swung her around in a broach that lifted the rudder out of the water as though a giant had picked the whole boat up by the stern. Then a cross sea swung her 160° in the other direction in a full jibe. The boom slammed inboard, tagged the backstay and jackknifed up it to a 70° angle. The watch below, struggling to get on deck, were thrown back and forth across the cabin. Bob Davis, the cook, had just extracted six cans of tomatoes from a locker and, as the boat seesawed wildly from beam end to beam end, he was bombarded from every direction by flying cans.

We finally got the No. 5 spinnaker down and set the more easily managed genoa in its place, but Huey wanted none of this appeasement. "Get it back up," he howled. "This is still a race!" So we rolled a reef in the main for balance, reset the spinnaker and roared on through the foaming, rain-swept Atlantic. Huey's hunger for speed and still more speed paid off that day, with the greatest 24-hour run in *Ondine*'s history—248 miles for an average of 10.33 knots. She had closed the gap on all the other boats.

By now, Huey was implacable. As the seas increased under the press of a full gale, he could barely be restrained from setting the big spinnaker all over again. We managed to pacify him with a mizzen staysail, and carried on.

For three days, during which the runs were over 200 miles, no boat gained on us. Some were feeling the effects of the blow. Still 1,000 miles from the finish, Clayton Ewing's *Dyna*, taking a spinnaker knockdown just as we had, was set back into an onrushing sea that broke her rudder clean off. She managed to finish the race by steering with her sails, but competitively she was pretty much out of it. *Bolero* broke both spinnaker poles, carried away her permanent backstay, blew out her mainsail and, in Sally Langmuir's own words, found her "foredeck declared a disaster area." The yawl *Windrose*, reporting her position on 13 July, announced herself as "the sloop *Windrose*," her mizzen mast having gone by the board.

And now the plot changed again. The storm that put *Ondine* back in the running had drifted off toward Scotland, and the winds went light. Once again, the skipper's heart went heavy. He became Huey-Prospero, invoking a new storm. He pored over the weather bulletin and disagreed with all its predictions. He was right. Miraculously, a secondary low developed a new gale around us as we closed with the English Channel. Again the wind came on. Huey refused to lighten sail and drove her hard.

The next 24 hours were decisive. It was a misty night, pitch black and windy, and the sea was white with gale and flashing phosphorescence. The breeze grew rapidly, and *Ondine* again began her great surfing runs, this time dead before the wind and on course. We held the big, heavy No. 3 spinnaker for five hours, and only got it down in a roundhouse broach that once more brought all hands scrambling on deck. Then, with a reef and the No. 5 spinnaker, we went on for the rest of the night. In nine hours we averaged 12.2 knots through the water, an unheard of sustained speed for a vessel of *Ondine*'s size.

Before an anticlimactic finish in light airs off the Eddystone Light, a somewhat swarthy Huey-Juliet collapsed in seemingly drugged sleep (*left*). He revived in time to put us over the line third, easy winners on corrected time. For the next several days the rest of the fleet dribbled in, but Huey already had changed roles again. At the Island Sailing Club in Cowes, he was buttonholing all his British friends, in black despair over the forthcoming Fastnet Race. "We haven't a chance with this rating," he lamented. "How can we compete?" And for the moment anyway, Huey-Hamlet believes it. **END**



Exhausted Skipper Long sacks out in* Ondine*'s cockpit as Mate Alex Salm puffs at the wheel.

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LAST YEAR'S WINNER Mr. Kenneth Hazel of Youngstown, Ohio, scored at the Yankee Run Golf Course in Brookfield, Ohio—as a result, he will be playing St. Andrews in Scotland.

**Figures officially reported for calendar year, 1962.*



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HIGH ROAD TO A WILD PARADISE

A long and narrow path bisects the immense national forests on the Pacific coast, follows the crest of a great divide and leads on to tranquil solitude, courtesy U.S. Forest Service. Once a working trail for forest rangers, it is now a recreational treasure

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Monument 78 is a short, tapering, gray-concrete marker that stands in a small clearing in the forest between Washington and British Columbia, some 78 miles east of Monument 1, which is the westernmost point of the U.S.-Canada boundary line.

A thin line of light shows through the trees east and west of Monument 78, marking the international boundary line, and there is also a little trail leading north to the Trans-Canada Highway six miles away. Leading south there is a trail too, but one of an entirely different sort. Starting off along Castle Creek, it winds through Northwest forests and meadows. Southward the trail follows the ridge of the Cascades through Washington and Oregon, penetrates high-mountain country, crosses deserts in California and comes to its meandering end at an old cavalry post called Campo, straddling the Mexican border 40 miles east of Tijuana.

If you started walking south from Monument 78 you would have 2,156 miles to go—almost all of it wilderness. It would be a pretty rough trip. It is one way to go from Canada to Mexico, but a hard way. The Forest Service recommends, for example, that you allow at least 30 days to get from Canada to the Columbia River, only 457 miles. But if the wilderness is real enough, much of it is parklike. In fact, the *Climber's Guide to the Cascade Mountains*, put out by the American Alpine Club, disparages much of the surrounding country because it is too easy—"flat valleys, gentle contours, open pine forests and a preponderance of brightly flowered meadow country . . . of more interest to the sightseer, horseback rider and sheepherder than to the mountaineer. . . . The weather can be expected to be good during most of the summer." And the Cascade forest is the friendliest woods known to mankind, with no dangerous animals, no poisonous snakes, no poison ivy—"a forest without poison," wrote Theodore Winthrop, who first described it in *Canoe and Saddle*, "without miasma and without venom." He might have added: and almost without mosquitoes.

Why, then, is the Pacific Crest Trail so little known? There is an old northwestern story about a settler from Iowa who bragged so much about the farms back home that his whole family was instructed to kick him under the table when he went too far. With visitors at the next Sunday dinner he began, "Back in Iowa we had a

continued

Photographs by Jack Fields

corncrib six miles long—" There was the thumping sound of shoes against shinbones, and he added, "But it didn't amount to much. It was only six inches wide." The Pacific Crest Trail is 2,156 miles long, but it is only two feet wide, and there are places along it, overlooking precipitous drops into the canyons of beautiful rivers, when one wishes these dimensions were reversed, that the trail were 2,156 miles wide and two feet long.

It is a working trail, one that has been laid out, kept up and used by the rangers of the national forests. The Forest Service's manual stipulates that a trail should be wider than the standard 24 inches if there is a steep slope (more than a 40° angle) on one side. In such places the trail should be 30 inches wide. If the pitch below the trail is more than 165°—in other words, a sheer drop, since 180° would be straight down—the trail should be widened to 36 inches, and a little wall of stones, eight inches high, should be built along the outer edge.

It is by these stern standards that the Pacific Crest Trail is judged to be an easy one. But on any day's ride you can count on traversing a number of high, narrow places—great scenic terrain like that at Dutch Miller Gap, where you can look from the headwaters of west-flowing rivers on one side of the divide to a necklace of tiny mountain lakes on the east, or the ridge above the famous hunting grounds of Big Crow Basin, where you can peer down through the top branches of 200-foot firs and watch herds of elk—a scenic spectacular that would be much more appreciated if the viewer were less concerned that this wonderful sight might be his last.

This is particularly the case if you are traveling with a packtrain and riding a surefooted mountain pony. Every mountain pony is surefooted, as every surefooted mountain guide will tell you. But if you happen to be following the Pacific Crest Trail and you happen to watch the hind legs of the pony ahead, you are likely to note a disquieting amount of skidding and bumping and clumping, places where a hoof is planted on the edge of a hole and hastily moved when the dirt slides and, from time to time, for no reason at all, a sort of sideways kick, like a misplaced Charleston dance step. Never mind. You will somehow negotiate these narrow places and you will always find, on the far side, a neat green-and-white, diamond-shaped enameled marker bearing a picture of a tree and the comforting words "Pacific Crest Trail System," evidence that even a government has been there before you. The signs are fastened on tree trunks or on solid posts planted deeply in the ground. You find them ranged evenly across a mountain meadow where there might be some question as to the point at which the trail, emerging from woods on one side, plunges into woods again on the other. They run through stands of immense spruces, patches of Alaska cedar and groves of featherleaf maple. They lead through country that has never been really mapped or explored, past unnamed lakes that have never been fished. At first these green-and-white diamonds in the forest gloom seem interesting because of the way they are placed, at every vague fork where a traveler might be perplexed as to which way to go or at a bend hidden by tree trunks that he might miss. After a time they become friendly and reassuring symbols of human communication in the wilderness. And eventually they become almost hypnotic, leading on and on into airy spaces of tranquil solitude, past an endless succession of cascading streams, heather meadows, serene snow peaks and limitless expanses of velvet-green treetops. Thus, if the trail is narrow, it is also scintillating; if it is demanding, it is also beckoning.

One of the trail's unique geographical advantages is that it is accessible to so many people. From Seattle to Snoqualmie Pass, the spot where this remarkable north-south footpath crosses the Northwest's main east-west highway, is only 48 miles. There the trail curves through the big trees along Commonwealth Creek, in which amber rocks and sizable trout are visible in water almost as clear as air—a long way from wilderness but still a silent woods, except for the rush of the water, as soon as the highway is left behind. The riding clubs of Tacoma can take off early in the morning, unload their horse trailers at Silver Creek and within 15 minutes be deep in the solitude of the Norse Peak Trail, which intersects the Pacific Crest Trail at Big Crow Basin. Near Portland the trail spirals around Mount Hood. It can be picked up as it crosses Oregon's main roads, and a highway runs parallel to it for much of the 400 miles that it follows the summit ridge of the Cascade Mountains. In California it is a network of loosely connected riding and hiking trails. One section passes within 20 miles of downtown Los Angeles before it turns east past Lake Arrowhead, curves south through the San Bernardino National Forest and Cuyamaca State Park and reaches the Mexican border.

So the trail has the increasingly valuable advantage of providing innumerable ways to the woods and wilderness. The chain of 22 national forests that runs down the Pacific coast covers some 20 million acres, and the trail is a dark-brown strip woven almost through the center of them.

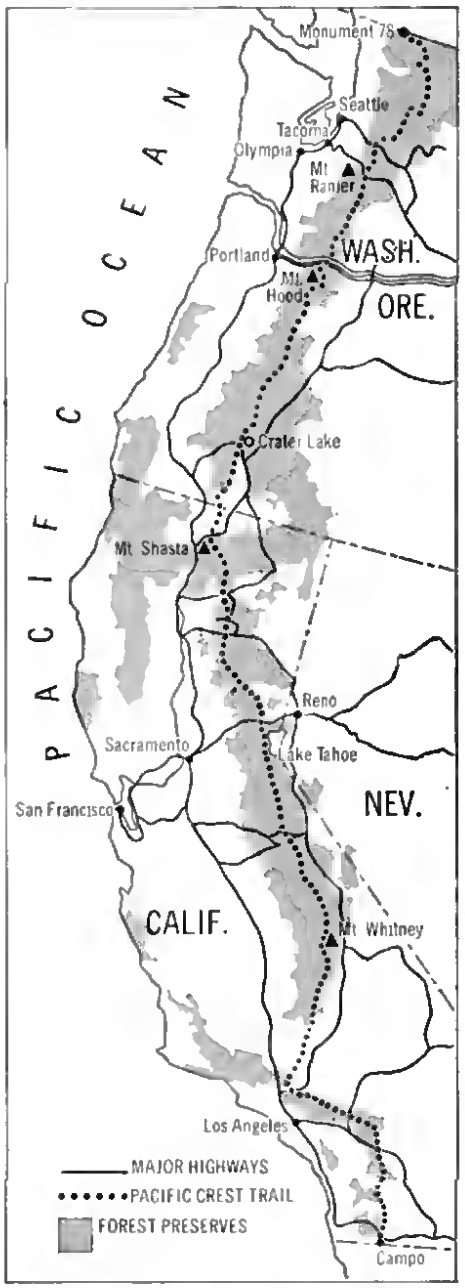
The trail's recorded history begins with Clinton Clarke, a big, shaggy retired conservationist from Pasadena, Calif., who was married to an actress, was one of the sponsors of the Pasadena Playhouse and was an amateur playwright when he was not out hiking. In 1932 Clarke formally proposed to government officials that a continuous wilderness trail be traced from Canada to Mexico. There were great trails throughout the western states—the John Muir Trail in California, the Skyline Trail in Oregon and old, unmarked Indian paths in the Cascades in Washington —and plans to unify them into a system that would run all the way down the coast had often been discussed, especially after the Appalachian Trail was built in the East. Clarke knew about Russian trails and had learned that the Russians, who were reputed to be good woodsmen because of their enormous forests, were cutting wilderness paths in the mountains and training their young people to use them. He

wrote that the U.S. should follow the same policy for the sake of physical fitness and national defense. Somebody must have agreed.

"The project was approved and adopted," he wrote, referring to himself in the third person, "and Mr. Clarke was placed in charge." (This was a little mysterious, for *he was not connected with the Forest* Service, which would have to lay out the trail.) Clarke then organized the Pacific Crest Trail Conference, appointed himself the head of it and began publishing books, maps and reports at his own expense.

Clarke believed in backpacking into the wilderness—no horses. He ridiculed the big, trail-riding, packhorse vacation trips organized by the Sierra Club, describing them as hordes of animals chewing up all the grazing land in order to move tons of equipment. He worked out meticulous lists of the absolute essentials a hiker had to carry (he got it down to 52 pounds for a two-week hike), and he incorporated a good deal of humane instruction in his literature. "Start hiking early, by 8 o'clock," he wrote. "Go slowly at first. Always rest by standing in the sun. (If you sit down you will lose pep.) Drink a little water, a raisin under the tongue will help." He never missed a chance to explain how you could identify the 130 kinds of flowers to be found along the *Pacific Crest* Trail, the nine species of trout, the 46 different animals and 86 birds. He also filled the files of the regional offices of the Forest Service with queries as to why more work was not being done on the trail. Government officials regarded him a little uneasily, but John Sieker, then a young forester, who now is the Forest Service's director of recreational land use, remembers calling on Clarke in Pasadena and being pleasantly surprised to find him quiet, persuasive and good-natured—"the sort of visionary who does a lot of good."

Clarke's rigorous publicity efforts—including relays of hikers hurrying from Mexico to Canada over the trail—ended with the war, which also stopped the work of Robert Marshall, then in charge of recreation in national forests



Twenty-two national forests enclose the Pacific Crest Trail in an unbroken chain of wilderness wonders.

and another key figure in the trail's history. Marshall was one of the most controversial of the extreme left-wing radicals in the early days of the New Deal. One of his brothers was the head of the Board of Education in New York City. Another was a radical economist and contributing editor of the magazine *Soviet Russia Today*. They were the sons of Louis Marshall, a celebrated constitutional lawyer, one of whose major cases was his successful argument before the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of federal laws protecting geese and ducks that migrated over state borders. Among innumerable other distinctions, the great lawyer was president of the New York State College of Forestry of Syracuse University.

Young Robert Marshall—for whom the Bob Marshall Wilderness in Montana is named—graduated from the forestry college of Syracuse, got his doctorate in plant physiology from Johns Hopkins, worked as a ranger in Montana, wrote two bestselling books about his explorations in Alaska and became the first director of recreation for the national forests. President Roosevelt, who operated his own tree farm at Hyde Park, was interested in forest preservation, and Marshall's love of the wilderness was fanatical. In his view, wilderness areas were not merely to be kept from commercial exploitation, but from any use of any kind. They were to remain forever inaccessible, except by foot or on horseback. Marshall made no secret of his left-wing sympathies, but he did not want the masses in the woods. He claimed that the emotions of one solitary, courageous man who endured hardships to penetrate an untouched wilderness were more valuable than the casual sightseeing of millions. If the solitary individual faced risks and hardships in reaching his chosen solitude, so much the better. The Pacific Crest Trail was the kind of project Marshall approved of. What he might have made of it is speculative: he died of a heart attack shortly after the Nazi-Communist pact that preceded World War II—and the war stopped work on the trail.

continued

The survey to trace the trail began in the summer of 1935. Five forest rangers, led by Nels Bruseth, an amateur botanist and landscape painter as well as a veteran of the Cascade forest, started south from Monument 78. Their instructions called for them to locate a wide, easy grade, to lay out the trail so that it passed through scenic country, to keep to the summit ridge, to note all wildlife, to check good hunting grounds and to test the fishing in streams and lakes. In their first eight miles, the rangers diligently reported later, they came upon a porcupine, a fool hen with chicks, a whistling marmot, 11 mountain goats and a herd of seven deer. They also saw a deer standing motionless in a meadow 200 feet below, trapped by four circling coyotes. When one of the rangers yelled to scare away the coyotes, he startled a bear that had been eating berries in the brush nearby. It was that sort of country and, with minor exceptions, it has remained much the same. Nobody is going to find as much wildlife near the trail now as the rangers found when they traced it along over dim Indian paths on the ridges in 1935, but the strange sense of wilderness, isolation and intimacy is as real now as it was then.

The official report of the survey consists of two large unpublished volumes, now preserved in the regional office of the Forest Service in Portland, that must rank among the strangest government documents ever written. They are filled with dazed poetry, oddly intermingled with dry, official prose. The rangers estimated that a permanent trail could be built for $545 a mile for the first 31 miles below the border, and added that "the view is wonderful, with scattered clumps of dark green alpine fir, twisted but sturdy pines, and mats of blossoming pink and white heather, the phlox creeping over rock and turf." They went on, day after day, fishing for rainbows in the public interest, seeing how many different species of trees they could identify along Agnes Creek (30) and measuring the diameter of cedars to find the biggest (15 feet through), meanwhile noting the taste of wild raspberries, the winelike flavors of blueberries in different regions and the precise spots where they had seen dozens of bears, a hundred or so goats and several hundred deer.

It was a hard, scrambling passage nevertheless, and it was not until they reached Stevens Pass, 188 miles south of the border, that they first hit civilization. They quickly reentered the wilderness, breaking out again at Snoqualmie Pass, 245 miles from Canada, and near the entrance of Mount Rainier National Park, at about mile No. 315. Aside from a few unimportant back roads, that was all until the Columbia River was reached, the end of their 457-mile march. The actual cutting of the trail began soon after, most of it being done by Civilian Conservation Corps workers. By 1937 it was open to the public and in use.

The trail is more crowded now than it was nearly 30 years ago, but "crowded" is one of those relative words, a verbal absurdity when one is talking in terms of forests and mountain ranges. Today's camper meets the trail at one of the countless highways that intersect it, turns his horse up a switchback that overlooks the asphalt and automobiles, turns once more and finds a world in which to lose himself, even as Nels Bruseth and his rangers did. The transition to wilderness is nearly instantaneous. The horses plod with their exaggerated, nodding-head movement, as if emphasizing that theirs is uphill work. When Theodore Winthrop rode this route near Naches Pass in 1853, he followed a dim Indian path until "the narrow trail plunged into thickets impenetrable but for its aid," a world "leagues above doubt and depression." Except for the green-and-white trail markers, there are no indications as to where you are. You orient yourself by common associations, so that a description of a place—"the curve by that big cedar snag"—is understandable only to someone who has been there. In the solitude of the trail, with the slow pace of travel and the clarity with which trees and boulders and even clumps of brush are imprinted on the memory, direction finders like these become appropriate. The directions of modern society, such as "Turn left at the next light" or "Keep in the center lane before the circle," begin to seem eerie and unreal.

A quarter of a century ago, when the rangers who were making the survey of the trail approached Mount Rainier from the north, they found "low grades through gentle slopes of open timber," and their description is still good; for much of the way you could use either this government report or Winthrop's *Canoe and Saddle* as a guidebook and not go far astray.

The trail in this area winds along a bench facing silver cliffs overhung with mountain greenery, overlooks tiny lakes (14 of them in 10 miles) and diminutive streams (27 of them in less than 10 miles) that flow down one side of the Cascade slope or the other, their headwaters a few hundred yards apart. The markers lead into great fields of timothy, blue grass and wild clover. Horses can make three miles an hour through the open country, but usually there is slow progress in such meadows. No one ever says he is tired, but someone says, "Isn't that a goat on that cliff over there?" or something equally arresting; the procession comes to a halt, glasses are brought out, the goat turns out to be a white rock and long discussions of natural history follow. By the time the riders arise from the soft grass, the horses are ready to go on.

Opinionated as they are, these mountain ponies have one good feature: they do not expect you to mount or dismount on the left side, a great convenience, for often there is not any left side to the trail. Riding south on the east slope, for instance, if you dismounted on the left you might plummet into some headwater of the Cle Elum River. Or riding north on the west slope, you might plunge into the gorge of a branch of the Snoqualmie and drain into Puget Sound. Since the Pacific Crest Trail is emphatically a ridge trail in this section, there is usually a slope on one side of it or the other and sometimes on both sides. When you face the problem of remounting, you find yourself standing by your horse with your eyes at the level of the stirrups. Some

continued



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of these ponies will move alongside a big rock of their own volition in such cases and let you slide down into the saddle —the most endearing act, to a weary rider, to be found in the annals of horseflesh.

Wilder now, and darker, the trail rises, and Mount Rainier looms as an immense porcelain cone above the dark surge of the forest. It appears too high to be believed, a misplaced element, something belonging to the sky as much as to the earth. Wilder still, and more thrilling, the trail drops swiftly down to a level-floored primeval forest as dark as a cave. Here it becomes a pitch-black line of damp oily earth, bordered with moss, thick growths of fern and small jade-green plants with leaves like polished shells—a green-and-gray world, silent, secluded, forgotten since the beginning of time. Along Little Crow Creek, a short distance from the trail, there are elk tracks that cut deep into the dark soil, sometimes half a foot down in the soft earth. And sometimes on the opposite side of the creek there may be the crash and whirl of sound as these animals career into deeper woods, a momentary embodiment of the wilderness, vanishing as soon as heard

Wilder even still, and darker, the trail vanishes into dripping woods, ceaselessly changing treescapes of huge columnar trunks. The lower branches of the big cedars, cut off from sunlight centuries ago, have long since died but have not fallen. They droop close to the trunks, gray and wirelike compared to the rich green foliage above and the dense undergrowth below. Dead, too, are scrawny, dry streamers of moss and trees that have been uprooted in storms, lying dried and whitened in the woods, their bonelike branches suggesting the museum skeletons of extinct monsters. Sometimes there are startling signs of some recent happening, a pile of bright, white sawdust and a freshly cut tree trunk where the rangers have cleared the trail with power saws after a storm. It is impossible to write of the Cascade forest without thinking of Winthrop's description of the elemental disquiet it creates. "From this austere wood there was no escape, passing forever between rows of roughhewn pillars, never penetrating into any shrine where sunshine entered. . . ."

Streaks of metallic light begin to show between the tree trunks—not overhead, for the foliage is too thick for that, but alongside, where sky and clouds become visible—as the trail runs near the edge of a cliff. The forest ends; the path comes out into daylight, into a world of gravel and grass and scattered lodgepole pine.

The Cascade Range is the sharpest climatic break on earth. On the west are cloudy skies, heavy rainfall, innumerable white-water rivers and the forests of Douglas fir that are almost solid growths 200 feet or more above the earth. East of the divide there are different cloud formations, coyotes instead of badgers, more camp robbers and hawks and fewer kingfishers and water ouzels, different flowers, little rain, massive cinnamon-red ponderosa pines growing in open glades and grass that gives way to sagebrush on the lower slopes. Sometimes the change can be seen within a quarter of a mile. Sometimes in a few minutes you can pass from blowing rain on the west side to bright sunlight and singing birds on the east.

Who uses the trail? In one day's riding you may meet bear hunters who are backpacking into the mountains to be ready for the opening of the season; a rancher who has taken his mare and her colt into the mountains so the colt will be accustomed to mountain trails almost from birth; a party from a riding club; boys with no equipment except their fishing tackle, who plan to sleep by a lake if they catch enough for a meal and to hike back to the highway if they do not; ornithologists studying hawks.

Near Olallie Lake in Oregon, a forest ranger who inspects the trail estimates that two big packtrains come through every week during the summer, with a few individual riders or pairs of riders a day, and an unknown number of hikers, perhaps a dozen or more daily, during weekends of good weather.

But if you try to find who uses the trail at Campo on the Mexican border, the most frequent reaction you will get is "What trail?" When Clinton Clarke planned the trail to start—or to end—at Campo, the old town was a bleached, dry desert post. It contained the barracks, an ancient stone store that had figured in border raids, a hotel on a hill that looked down upon the sagebrush on the Mexican side, and a depot for the wheezing San Diego & Arizona Eastern Railway Company, whose tracks wander drunkenly from one side of the border to the other. Clarke thought of Campo as a romantic and historic town, as different as possible from the forest terminal of the trail in the North. But the cavalry post has long been closed. The barracks have become a school. The hotel burned. Travelers at Campo these days are more likely to be calling during visiting hours at the big reformatory on the edge of town than starting a hike to Canada.

One reason so few hikers see Campo is that the pattern of use of the entire trail is changing. The heroic trips that Clarke visualized have become rare, although wherever you stop you hear of some dedicated spirit who set out several years ago for either Mexico or Canada. At the Crest Trail Inn, a little restaurant on the Columbia River where the trail emerges after skidding down a slope, the proprietor has kept an unofficial record of such long-distance followers of the trail: a young fellow who had walked from Campo, rejoicing that he had only 457 more miles to go to Monument 78; a handsome young couple who were dawdling south from Canada and expected to reach the Mexican end of the trail in two more years. "I have often wondered," he said, "what happened to them."

If the long trips have become infrequent, the short ones have greatly increased. More and more riders are taking their horses by trailer to some point where the trail meets a road and riding to another road-crossing a few days away. The average walking trip on the trail is now about 25 miles, because that is the usual length of an overnight outing,



View near Big Crow Basin in the Cascade Mountains, where Don Ralston and his family pause on the crest ridge, is typical of trail scenery.

which keeps the weight of the load to be carried by a hiker or a pair of hikers to the minimum. For that matter, there was often something forced about the attempt to picture the trail as spanning the nation from north to south. Conditions on it varied too greatly. In northern California there was a 100-mile stretch over back roads. In the High Sierras there were places recommended only for expert mountaineers with proper equipment, with five mountain passes above 12,000 feet.

The changes in the use of the trail indicate another problem about it. In the East, the 2,000-mile Appalachian Trail from Maine to Georgia was built by the private effort of hiking and climbing clubs along the way, a procedure that practically insured that there would be good and bad stretches, depending on how industrious the local hikers were. But it also insured that a great many people would have a vested interest in it and a concern for what happened to it. The Pacific Crest Trail is a government project, meaningless without the national forests that enclose it. If it is kept up to a high standard by the rangers, it is also entirely in their hands, with no local bodies more than remotely concerned with its upkeep. Finally, its usefulness—indeed, its very existence—is dependent on the policy of the government about timber cutting in the national forests. Clarke tried hard to have a 10-mile-wide strip of forest set aside, so that the trail route would remain in its natural condition, even if portions of the national forest were logged. But he failed.

One result is that the condition of some small areas of the trail has changed. You may find the most beautiful forest grove in the world one summer and, when you try to return to it the next, discover it has been chewed to pieces and the hills cut down to yellow clay. Since 1955 the amount of logging permitted in national forests has jumped from 6 billion board feet to 9 billion board feet a year, and cutting has been particularly heavy in the forests where the trail runs through Oregon and Washington. Perhaps this is one more reason why lengthy trips over the Pacific Crest Trail have become rare.

But actually the appeal of this north-south route is not that it leads to Canada or Mexico. Its glory is that it leads nowhere at all. It is a sort of multimillion-acre invitation to dawdle and loaf, to stretch out in the grass and sleep or stop at the next lake and fish. It is a track through a trackless forest, a road that is its own reason for being, not one that has a destination. Those green-and-white trail markers only point the way toward ferns and trees, blackberries and raspberries, hawks and eagles, brooks and streams, elk herds and mountain goats. They are small green signposts leading to and through a magnificent world. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

ARCHERY—As expected, the UNITED STATES won both the men's and women's team titles at the four-day world championships in Helsinki but the totally unexpected occurred when VICTORIA COOK of Minneapolis finished in first place ahead of teammate Nancy Vonderheide, who has made archery her private property over the last two years as she won 16 straight championships *(see page 40)*

CHARLES SANDLIN of Oak Brook, Ariz. took the men's title, with teammates Joe Thornton and David Keaggy Jr. finishing second and third, respectively. In the men's team standings France was second, 570 points back at 6,317, with Sweden third at 6,312, while in the women's division Finland was runner-up, 98 points behind at 6,410 and Britain's markswomen came in third with 6,087.

BASKETBALL—Veteran forecourt man CLYDE LOVELLETTE, 33, who has been practicing a fast draw with a six-shooter for years (SI, Dec. 11, 1961) hopes to make it more than a hobby. The 6-foot-9 Boston Celtic player filed for the Republican nomination for sheriff of Jefferson County, Mo.

In another off-court move Los Angeles Laker star ELGIN BAYLOR signed a contract with producer Hall Bartlett to make his movie debut in *A Global Affair*—a comedy starring Bob Hope. Baylor, for years one of the NBA's top scorers, will depict a Nigerian delegate to the United Nations.

BOATING—Three-time Mallory Cup winner HARRY (Buddy) MELGES of Lake Geneva, Wis. finished first twice, second once, third once and fifth twice to capture top place in the North American Flying Dutchman championships at Lavallette, N.J. Norman Freeman of Ithaca, N.Y. breezed in second, with Paul Henderson of Toronto third and former champion Pat Duane of Delray Beach, Fla. fourth.

Although wind snapped the mast of SCOTT ALLAN's boat in the fifth and final race, the 17-year-old youngster from San Marino, Calif. had finishes of 3-4-1-1 for 6,913 points to win his second straight Snipe Class national junior title on Fort Worth's Eagle Mountain Lake. Dan Flaherty, 16, of Clearwater, Fla., competing in his first national championship, finished a close second with 6,841 points.

The cutter *Blutzen* of Milwaukee, winner of the Chicago to Mackinac race, was the first to cross the finish line of the 235-mile Port Huron to Mackinac contest. On corrected time, however, she was three hours behind overall winner and class B entry, *Robin*, a 40-foot cutter skippered by Jim Smalley of Shabbona, Ill. Other winners: class A, *Apache* of Detroit; class C, *Albacore* of Detroit; class D, *Vero* of Chicago; class E, *Crusader* of Detroit.

GOLF—Shooting the lowest round in the $57,200 Western Open PGA champion and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED golf upster Jack Nicklaus carded a five-under par 66 to rally from seven strokes back and tie with Arnold Palmer, whose practice of his preachments as author of SI's *My Game and Yours* (see page 29) have made him this year's leading money winner. Meanwhile, U.S. Open titleholder Julius Boros made up six strokes to leave the three of them knotted at 280 after 72 holes. Sam Snead, 51, who was tied with Palmer entering the final round, came close to being the oldest man ever to take a PGA tournament, but he shot a closing 75 to share fourth place with Charley Sifford. In the 18-hole playoff among the top three money winners (Palmer, $85,955; Nicklaus, $75,140, and Boros, $65,546), PALMER took the lead on the first hole and just held on to win the $11,000 with a one-under-par 70, beating Boros by one stroke and Nicklaus by three.

Taking the lead on the second hole, 26-year-old JUDY BELL of Colorado Springs, Colo. easily defeated four-time Wisconsin state champion Carol Sorenson 3 and 1 to claim her first Trans-Mississippi title in Denver.

HARNESS RACING—Overwhelming favorite Su Mac Lad suffered a quarter crack (split hoof) and limped home fifth in the $25,000 Challenge Cup Trot at Roosevelt Raceway while 56-to-1 longshot ELAINE RODNEY ($113.30) with John Chapman in the sulky, collected first prize of $7,500 by a skimpy nose victory over France's Martini II. Duke Rodney finished third, a nose behind the runner-up.

HORSE RACING—A 73-to-1 longshot, WALTZ SONG ($148.60), with Jockey Sheridan Mellon as a partner, danced past her rivals in three-quarter time to win the $172,812.50 Delaware Handicap by half a length before a stunned crowd of 17,990 at Delaware Park. Waltz Song, who had earned only $4,225 from seven starts this season, captured $122,062 for her owner and trainer, Thomas L. White, who had to sweat out an inquiry in near 100" heat before he could collect. Cicada edged Table Mate by a nose for second place, and Ernest Havemann's frightening filly, Nubile, finished fourth *(see page 8)*

Horseman Havemann lost not only a horse race but his reputation as the world's best handicapper when the H. C. Morrions of Los Angeles picked six straight winners to hit the 5-to-10 pool of $50,493.80 at the Caliente track in Mexico. Last Sept. 20 the Morrions had the only ticket with six winners and took home $51,091. Thus in 10 months they have collected $38,551.80 more than Havemann's $63,033, though he did it within a span of three months.

Jockey Bill Hartack rode CASTLE FORBES ($5.80) to a one-and-a-half-length victory over Petite Rouge in the $111,320 Sorority Stake for 2-year-old fillies at Monmouth Park.

Mr. Consistency wasn't—as ARBITRAGE ($15), with Pete Moreno up, edged him to the wire by a neck and won the $83,350 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park. Cadiz finished a close third, one and a half lengths ahead of favorite Dr. Kacy.

MODERN PENTATHLON—Former University of Pittsburgh cross-country star JAMES MOORE, who is a fair hand with a pistol and a horse, came from behind and outscored two former national champions, Robert Beck and Paul Pesthy, to win the U.S. Modern Pentathlon title in San Antonio, Texas.

ROWING—THE DETROIT BOAT CLUB senior eight scored the biggest upset of the four-day Royal Canadian Henley Regatta when it beat St. Catharines by a length in the record time of 5:55.4 to win the Ned Hanlan Memorial Trophy. The victory snapped the Canadian club's two-year reign over the race and shattered its 1961 record by 16.4 seconds. St. Catharines maintained its might in other events and rowed away with the Maple Leaf Trophy (for overall club championship) for the third straight year, 199 points ahead of runner-up Detroit and 224½ points in front of the third-place Buffalo West Sides.

SWIMMING—HERMAN WILLEMSE, a 29-year-old schoolteacher from Utrecht, The Netherlands, churned to his fourth straight triumph in the 26-mile swim around Absecon Island, N.J., covering the distance in 10:31:15 to win $5,000. Egypt's Abdel Latif Abou-Heif finished second, 1 hour 36 minutes 16 seconds back to collect $2,000, while former Danish Olympic medalist Greta Andersen, now a California housewife, slid in fifth for $500 and received an $800 bonus as the first woman to cross the line.

DON SCHOLLANDER, a 17-year-old Santa Clara (Calif.) high school senior, set a world record in the 200-meter freestyle, covering the distance in 1:58.8 at the Los Angeles invitational meet.

At the Eastern championships in Philadelphia SUE PITT, 15, of Summit, N.J. splashed to a world record of 2:29.1 for the 200-meter butterfly, breaking Sharon Finneran's time of 2:30.7.

TENNIS—ARTHUR ASHE showed that more and more he is becoming a young man to be reckoned with when he lost only 11 points to Wimbledon Champion Chuck McKinley in the first set of their semifinal match at the Pennsylvania championships, but Chuck, sporting his improved 1963 court manner at the famed Merion Cricket Club tournament, kept his head and rallied to down the young Richmond, Va. Negro 1–6, 6–3, 6–4, 6–4. Then, in an easy final, he defeated Brazilian Davis Cupper Ronnie Barnes, 6–2, 6–2, 6–2, to win the championship. In the women's division a new DARLENE HARD forgot that the world was against her and defeated both Wimbledon Runner-up Billie Jean Moffitt and Wimbledon Champion Margaret Smith. Although once again upset by line calls, Darlene came back from trailing 1–3 in the deciding set of the finals to down the Aussie power hitter, 6–2, 7–9, 6–3.

MEXICO, which made it all the way to the Davis Cup Challenge Round last year (only to be slaughtered by Australia), opened its American Zone play with an easy triumph over Canada, as both Rafael Osuna and Antonio Palafox took their singles matches in straight sets and then teamed to win the doubles in the same manner.

TRACK & FIELD—After their near disaster in Moscow, the touring U.S. men's team dropped only four events in Warsaw—the hammer throw, triple jump, javelin throw and 5,000-meter run—while winning 16 to demolish the Polish team 125 points to 83. The hapless American women's team lost again, but this time by a closer margin, 58–47. John Pennel provided the highlight of the meet when he vaulted 16 feet 8¾ inches to tie his own world record. Due to the fact that it was pitch black, the wind was roaring off the Vistula River, people were chattering in two languages and the Poles did not really have the gear to measure the bar at such a height, the jump has been recorded as high as 16 feet 10¼ inches.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

22—James Drake. 23—Tony Triolo. 24, 25, 27—James Drake. 26—John Iacono. 30, 31—Art Rickerby—Pix. 40—Robert Huntzinger. 44—AP. 51—map by William Beinstein. 56—Richard Meek, Lisabeth Miner, AP. 60—John G. Zimmerman.

FACES IN THE CROWD



CALVIN L. STINSON SR., 71, the sardine king of Prospect Harbor, Me., took up trap shooting at 55, soon afterward became Maine state champion. Ever since then, the championship has been a family affair with Calvin Sr. winning six titles, Calvin Jr., nine.



JANE (Peachie) BARTKOWICZ, 14-year old Hamtramck, Mich. ace, added another tennis trophy to her overloaded shelf when she won the National Girls' 16-and-under title. Recently, she trounced her own age group in a second straight 14-and-under title.



RICHARD FARMER, 14, of Port Washington, N.Y. and the Knickerbocker Yacht Club skippered his Blue Jay, *Dynamite*, to five victories and one second place to sail off with the Commodore's Cup—awarded to the outstanding junior sailor at Larchmont Race Week.



ROBERT ANDRE, 20, of San Diego, runner-up in the 1962 Finn Nationals, strapped his boat on a Volkswagen to wander through Europe as a boat racer and journeyman sailmaker. At Helsinki he won the Nordic Finn title, hopes next to annex the world championship.



TOM HYNDMAN, 17, of Huntingdon Valley, Pa. teamed with his dad (a recent Walker Cupper) to eliminate two former national champions in the quarterfinals and win the Anderson best-ball golf tournament. Tom's older brother did the same trick in 1961.



MRS. VIRGINIA BRITT, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. flew a Piper Cherokee PA-28 2,500 miles from Bakersfield, Calif. to Atlantic City at an average speed of 138.02 knots, to defeat 44 others and win the 17th annual Powder Puff Derby for female flyers.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER There were moments this spring when Bob Gibson, pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, must have wondered whether he had picked the right sport. A onetime member of the Harlem Globetrotters, Gibson broke his ankle late last season (when he won 15 games), and this spring it still hurt. Worse, Gibson pitched as if it did. On May 19 he gave up 10 runs in six innings against Cincinnati, making his record 1–3 with an ERA of 6.75. Then, as the pain in his ankle finally disappeared, Gibson started to win. When he shut out the Giants in early July, to snap an eight-game Cardinal losing streak, Umpire Al Barlick said that Gibson had thrown as hard as any pitcher he had ever seen. Last week he added two wins to his record, making him 12–4. Since his dismal performance in May, Gibson has posted a 1.82 ERA. His only loss during that time came when Sandy Koufax shut out the Cardinals. With a 20-victory season now within his grasp, it is clear Gibson chose the right sport.



BOB GIBSON

THE PLAYER It was only the Los Angeles Angels he beat, but to Frank Lary of Detroit, the old Yankee killer, it was bigger than the World Series. Once again he was a winning pitcher in the major leagues. Just two years ago, Lary kept the Tigers in pennant contention with a glittering 23–9 record. But last year, pitching in an early-season snowstorm, he hurt his arm, winning only two games all season. This spring, when his arm remained sore, the Tigers sent Lary and his $35,000 salary to Knoxville. There, pitching regularly in the heat, his right arm lost its soreness. "It feels just fine," Lary said, "but it's not quite as strong as I want it." Lary's trip to the minors seems to have altered his personality. Gone is his wise-cracking, light-hearted manner. "He is a much more serious person than he was before he left," says a Tiger official. "He looks like he wants to play this game all his life." For the Yankees, who are flying high (*see page 12*), it was the only bad news of the week.



FRANK LARY

THE TEAM The San Francisco Giants are as fickle as the breeze at Candlestick Park. Take the two and a half weeks since the All-Star Game. Over this span, the Giants have played unexceptional .500 ball with a 9–9 record, but they have done so in exceptional fashion. First they played 12 games on the road, and lost nine of them. Last week they staggered home in fifth place, 10 games behind the Dodgers. They have not lost since. Manager Alvin Dark's team won six straight and moved back up to third place. Willie McCovey (.381 for the week) and Harvey Kuenn (.400) continued to hit well, getting strong support from an off-year Willie Mays (3 HRs, .333) and Jim Davenport (2 HRs and .381). Juan Marichal (17–5) won two complete games to become baseball's biggest winner. When the Giants couldn't do it for themselves, the wind and the opposition helped out. The breeze played havoc with the New York Met defense. Outfielder Joe Hicks misplayed a windblown fly ball into an error, opening the way for a three-run Giant rally. In another game, Mets Al Jackson and Larry Burright combined in the ninth inning to hit two batters and err on a grounder to give the Giants a 4–3 victory.

THE TEAM The miserably hot, humid July weather may have been all that the Athletics needed. Catcher Joe Azcue, formerly of Kansas City, now with Cleveland, announced that every KC pitcher threw a spitter. True or not, it was a fact that the easier it was to sweat, the more effective the KC pitchers were. The team won five games in a row and only twice in nine games did opponents score more than three runs. Significantly Dave Wickersham was the starting pitcher both times. Wickersham, a very religious young man, said he had "a fine spitter, but I won't throw it because winning illegally is contrary to my Christian principles." The recent success of the A's was hardly cause for joy in Kansas City, however. The team was doing its winning on the East Coast, and Owner Charles Finley said he would move the franchise to the West Coast. "Kansas City is great," he said, but he thinks Oakland has more potential and more money. This ignores the fact that in even richer Los Angeles the Angels are struggling to survive. The truth is Kansas City *has* been great to support, even half-heartedly, the inept A's all these years, and that Oakland has yet to support anything on its own but one end of the Bay Bridge.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	HITS	OPP HITS	WALKS	OPP WALKS	SO	OPP SO
SAN FRANCISCO	8	0	59	48	14	17	27	29
ST. LOUIS	5	1	83	35	8	14	18	38
PHILADELPHIA	5	2	67	57	17	25	47	49
HOUSTON	4	2	51	48	24	14	30	38
MILWAUKEE	4	3	61	77	14	17	38	33
CINCINNATI	3	3	57	50	23	17	31	45
CHICAGO	2	5	43	67	18	18	48	29
LOS ANGELES	2	5	59	85	30	19	39	51
PITTSBURGH	2	5	88	56	15	24	48	30
NEW YORK	0	7	45	68	17	15	41	23

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	HITS	OPP. HITS	WALKS	OPP WALKS	SO	OPP SO
NEW YORK	7	1	77	64	24	27	37	75
KANSAS CITY	5	2	57	48	17	22	32	41
BALTIMORE	4	3	66	53	17	18	31	37
CHICAGO	4	4	71	70	22	28	80	48
CLEVELAND	4	4	56	71	33	24	70	61
MINNESOTA	3	4	55	59	17	14	52	44
DETROIT	3	4	87	59	21	18	33	48
WASHINGTON	2	4	49	54	9	11	24	21
LOS ANGELES	2	5	61	65	17	26	52	28
BOSTON	2	5	54	62	20	18	43	35

THE SEASON*	RUNS PRODUCED		HITS		WALKS PER 9 INS	
LOS ANGELES	Fairly	94	T. Davis	104	Drysdale	1.82
ST. LOUIS	White	129	Groat	141	Simmons	2.04
SAN FRANCISCO	McCovey	106	Mays	104	Marichal	1.94
CINCINNATI	Pinson	117	Pinson	132	Nuxhall	1.26
CHICAGO	Williams	100	Santo	118	Jackson	1.82
PHILADELPHIA	Gonzalez	102	Gonzalez	121	McLish	2.30
MILWAUKEE	H. Aaron	129	N. Aaron	128	Spahn	1.85
PITTSBURGH	Clemente	85	Clemente	117	Friend	1.29
HOUSTON	Spangler	56	Spangler	85	Farrell	1.88
NEW YORK	Hunt	60	Hunt	85	Craig	2.43

	RUNS PRODUCED		HITS		WALKS PER 9 INS	
NEW YORK	Papitone	91	Richardson	105	Terry	1.31
CHICAGO	Ward	92	Ward	111	Herbert	1.41
BALTIMORE	Robinson	87	Robinson	106	Roberts	1.21
MINNESOTA	Allison	105	Versalles	114	Kaat	1.68
BOSTON	Yastrzemski	99	Malzone	121	Monbouquette	1.10
CLEVELAND	Alvis	75	Alvis	98	Donovan	1.21
LOS ANGELES	Wagner	95	Pearson	113	McBride	3.06
KANSAS CITY	Charles	98	2 with	102	Pena	2.20
DETROIT	Kaline	108	Kaline	118	Mossi	0.81
WASHINGTON	Hinton	85	Hinton	107	Rudolph	1.66

*through Saturday, July 27



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

CREAMER CREAMED

Sirs:

If Robert Creamer were closer to Cleveland, I would push him right into Lake Erie for his story (*Tell You What You Ought to Do, Commissioner Frick*, July 22).

Along with many other sportswriters, he has blasted the Cleveland baseball fans, but he has not come close to the real reason why "only" 44,160 people attended.

That reason, plain and simple: ticket prices! Box seats $8, reserved seats $6, bleachers $2, standing room $3. You can see more on TV and know more details about the game just loafing in a very comfortable living room.

CHARLES MAYER

Cleveland

Sirs:

Baseball, Mr. Creamer, is not dead in Cleveland. It may appear to be so, but only because baseball enthusiasm in Cleveland isn't what it used to be. What it used to be was unsurpassed. Clevelanders may pride themselves on the knowledge that their city holds, in addition to the All-Star Game attendance record, the all-time 154-game-season attendance record (2,620,627) and the record attendance for a regular-season doubleheader (84,587), none of which is likely to be broken.

ROY DYE

Cleveland

Sirs:

Robert Creamer hit the nail on the head. I make a motion that we nominate him as the new commissioner.

BOB LAUDEN

New Orleans

STINGRAY

Sirs:

As a charter subscriber to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I would like to express my sincere appreciation for Carleton Mitchell's fine article, *East of The Race* (July 22). I was with him especially when he went to that "stingray swimming south" called Block Island.

EDWARD SHOVE

Watertown, Conn.

DUCKS AND THE DAM

Sirs:

Your recent editorial, "The Price of Ducks and Progress" (Scorecard, May 27), makes, I believe, some unwarranted assumptions concerning Alaska's Rampart Dam.

By what evidence do you state positively that it will cost a million and a half ducks and geese? There are ample other nesting grounds and as the waters behind the dam advance, others can be created.

The salmon need not be lost. Moreover, *you overlook the great potentials of a lake* the size of Lake Erie for a freshwater sport and commercial fishery—whitefish, lake trout and other good species—stocked at the beginning of the 18 years it will take the lake to fill up. You conjure up a detrimental effect on the delta downstream. How do you know? The dam will control the downstream floods and make the delta safer.

As for the moose, they are happily running out of our ears and spreading all over Alaska so that we have had to lengthen the season and increase the bag limits.

As for the 2,000 Athabascan Indians, they could not but be better off than they are now. Their villages are flooded intermittently by the Yukon. Their habitations are miserable and their livelihood a bare subsistence supplemented by relief.

Construction of the Rampart Dam will give them ample gainful employment, and in their new locations, chosen by them on the lake's borders, they will have better homes, better community facilities and a permanent income from now nonexistent activities, generated by the lake.

As for the cost, these federal power projects are in essence loans repayable, principal and interest, through the years from revenues derived from the generated electricity, as in Hoover Dam and Grand Coulee, etc.

There is no dream—as you suggest—about this. The Russians in Siberia have already built a dam as large and are building bigger ones, whose sites I recently visited. The report made to the Corps of Engineers by the Knowledgeable Development and Resources Corporation of New York makes clear that not only will all the Rampart power be utilized as soon as generated, but actually more will be needed.

Rampart Dam will both galvanize Alaskan economy and create additional fish, wildlife and recreational values.

ERNEST GRUENING
U.S. Senate

Washington

FUN ON THE LINKS (CONT.)

Sirs:

Mr. Jim Cass inquired in your July 22 issue if there were any husband-and-wife hole-in-one combinations on record. Both Mr. and Mrs. Al Hauptman of New Rochelle, N.Y. have scored holes in one on the 2nd hole of the Hollywood Beach Hotel

continued



WARRIOR

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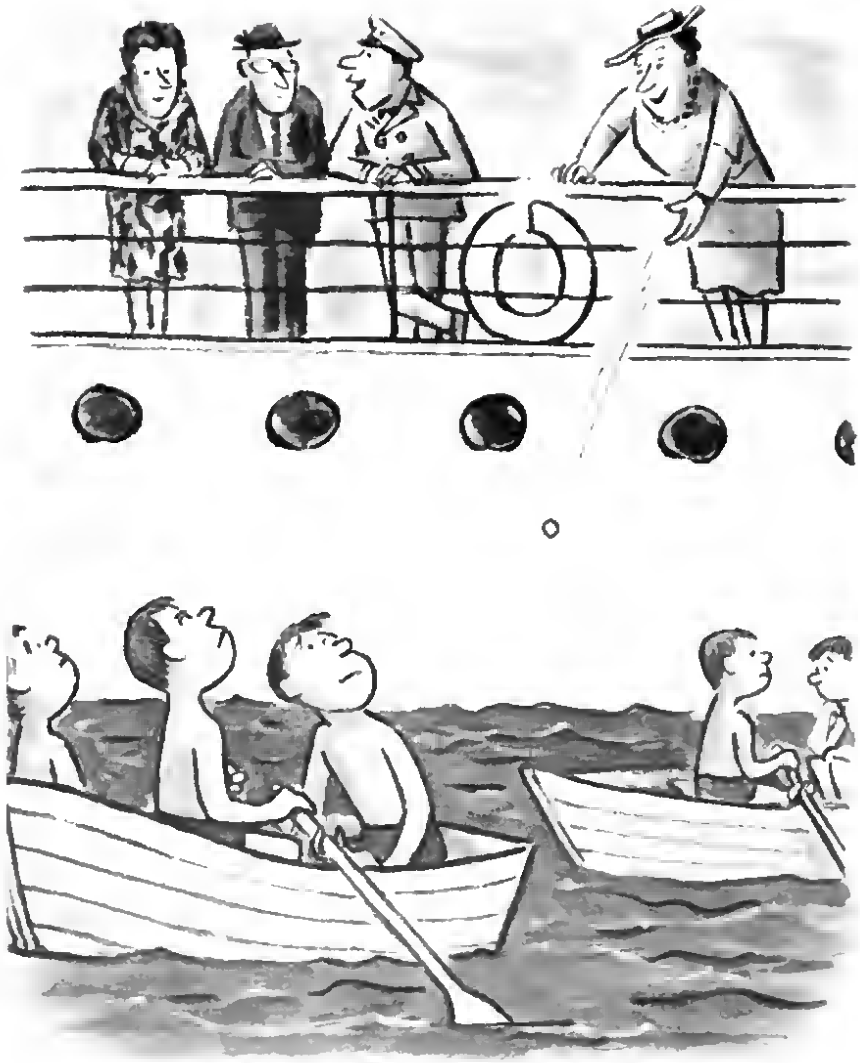
Within these pages, he finds an arsenal of information and products that arm him for battle.

He's a veteran of the ageless conflict between man and nature.

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golf course, Hollywood Beach, Fla. In addition, both holes in one were scored on Feb. 3—Mr. Hauptman's on Feb. 3, 1963, Mrs. Hauptman's on Feb. 3, 1962.

MIKE ALBER

New York City

HER GAME AND HIS

Sirs:

The opening paragraph of Arnold Palmer's *My Game and Yours* (July 15 *et seq.*) is one of the most eloquent descriptions of a game that I have ever read. However, the final sentence, golf "is the greatest game mankind has ever invented," causes some speculation on my part. For I would venture to say that, despite its lack of recognition, archery is the greatest game mankind has invented and the oldest. At one time our very existence depended upon it.

ANN MARSTON

Wyandotte, Mich.



● Ann Marston, the 11-time national archery champion who graced SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's cover in 1955 (*see above*) no doubt shares a prejudice with this week's cover subject.—ED.

YACHTSMEN YELLOW

Sirs:

That yellow slicker you speak of so disparagingly (*Slicker than the Old Yellow*, July 22) may be getting a lot of competition from fancy madras prints and bold-patterned what-nots, but I hope I'm not around when one of your fancy-pants yachtsmen gets swept overboard into a gray sea under gray skies when the wind is blowing half a gale and the spray is stinging the lookout's eyes. I somehow doubt that Captain Disko Troop chose his heavy-weather gear out of *Vogue*, but then what did he know, except to catch fish?

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